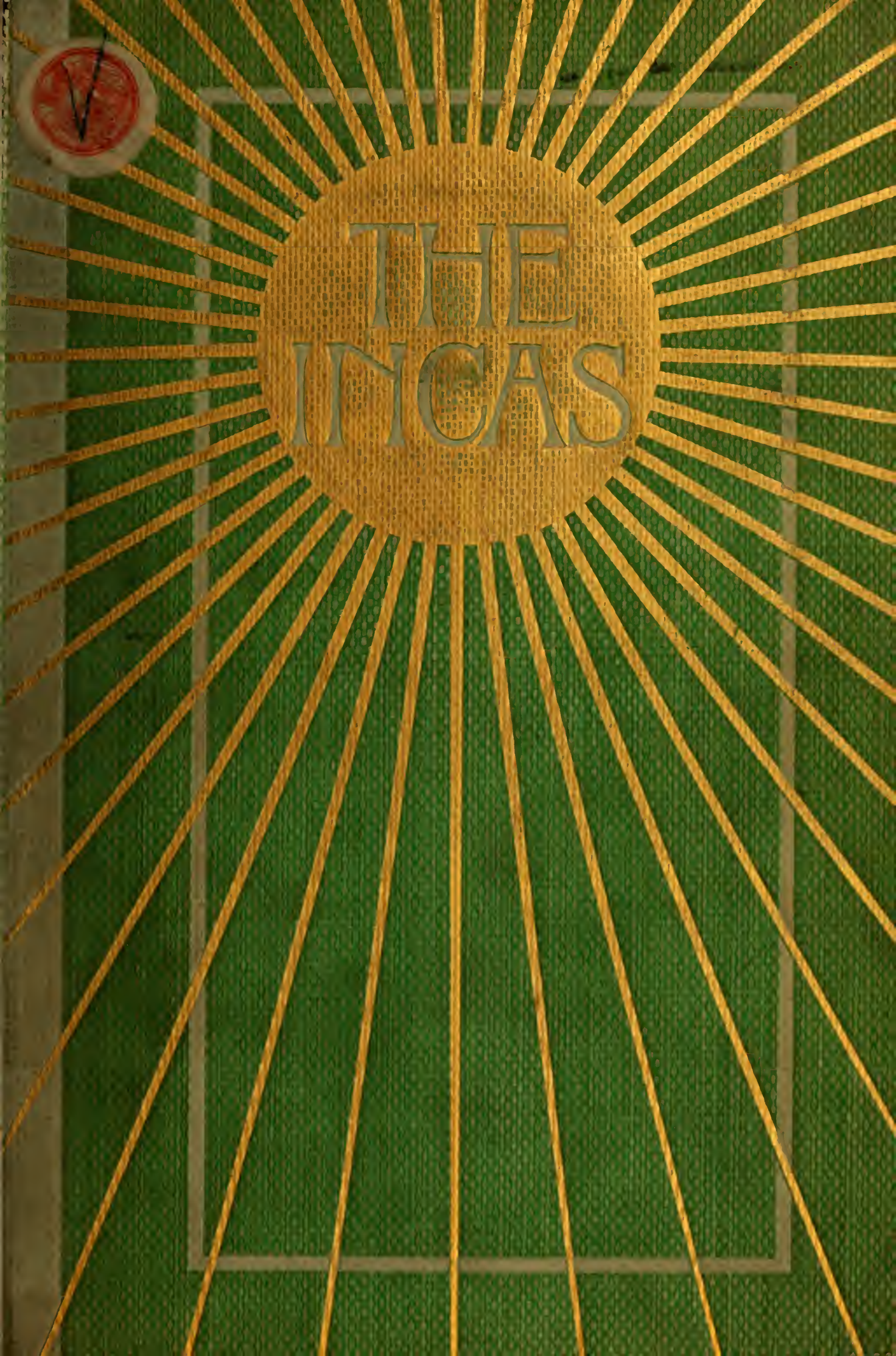

THE
INCAS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS1764
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf G824
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE INCAS

The Children of the Sun

BY

TELFORD GROESBECK

With Preface by

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

With Illustrations by

ERIC PAPE

Engraved on Wood by M. HAIDER



DEC 21 1896

49506-B2-1

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS NEW YORK AND LONDON 1896

PS 1764
.G824

Copyright, 1896
by
TELFORD GROESBECK
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

The Knickerbocker Press, New York


PREFACE

PREFACE.

THE story of the Incas is peculiarly adapted to arouse and interest the imagination of one who has studied it carefully, and who is gifted with poetic instincts. He sees the dawn rising over the snowy punas, a flock of vicuñas disappearing in the mist, the condor soaring into space; then the scene is brought out more clearly as the sun gains power, the trains of llamas wind along the roads, the tambo towers rise in long vistas, the sentries guard the royal store-houses, and as the thunder seems to roll down the gorges, the mythical stories of the Inca people, explaining the phenomena of nature, recur to his mind.

Equally suggestive are the Andean terraces, and the rich coast valleys, all irrigated with paternal care, and with palaces and castles embosomed in groves of fruit trees. Still more attractive to the poetic mind are the detailed descriptions of the imperial festivals at Cuzco, the gorgeous ceremonial worship, and the probationary exercises of the youthful Inca aspirants. The whole is pervaded by the religious thoughts engendered by that elemental cult which was subservient to the worship of a supreme disposer of the universe. The imagination naturally turns from all these glories to the cradle of the Inca race, to the mysterious monolith of Tiahuanacu, and the traditions which centre round the lake of Titicaca.

But he who would call the muse of poetry to his aid, to inspire him with the genius not only to raise up these scenes, in vivid reality before his own imagination; but also to crystallize them in verse so that others may, in part, be able to catch the same inspiration, has no easy task before him. He must not

only be gifted with poetic fancy, and with the power of giving expression to it in verse; but he must also be steeped to the lips in an intimate knowledge of Incarial lore. All true poets are accurate. They require in order to satisfy their sense of the dignity of their art, that their imaginations, though soaring to the skies, should rest on solid foundations of truth. Each flower and leaf, each stone—nay, each passing cloud must be true to nature, must harmonize with the genii of time and place. There must be no jarring note. Hence, the poet of the Incas must have been a diligent student of their lore, and of nature as displayed amidst their mountains and valleys.

It is high praise to say that the author of the *Children of the Sun* is gifted with these qualifications. He certainly has the poetic imagination so far educated as to enable him to give expression to it in verse. One who has made the history of the Incas the study of his life is able to add the further testimony that the poet's knowledge is based on careful reading, and that throughout no jarring note can be detected.

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

October, 1896.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
THE INCAS	1
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE INCAS	49
GLOSSARY	73



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

I.—"And fragrant flowers brought from every sheltered nest,
Are thrown to cover ground by tread of sovereign blessed." *Frontispiece.*
Wood Engraving.

II.—Funeral Decorations of the Incas *Title-Page*
Pen Drawing.

III.—Inca Jewelry iii
Pen Drawing.

IV.—False Mummy-Head and Sepulchral Ornaments of the Incas . . ix
Pen Drawing.

V.—Textile Fabrics of the Incas xiii
Pen Drawing.

VI.—"To soar above the world in countless rings of flight
Through which departing souls pass to eternal light." . . . 2
Pen-Drawing.

VII.—"By little toquia fires, round which dark shepherds kneel,
Beneath the pale blue smoke, to cook their early meal." . . 4
Wood Engraving.

VIII.—"They hear the Thunder's voice, see Lightning dart away
To break the East-wind's vase ere the approach of Day;
They see volcanoes puff to raise their plumes still higher,
Then boldly kiss the cheek of Morn with lips of fire." . . . 6
Wood Engraving.

IX.— "Acllahuasi where
The royal virgins dwell,—perchance embroid'ring there
Sweet dreams of love for him, whilst watching sacred fires." . . 12
Wood Engraving.

PAGE

X.—"In Temple of the Sun . . . the morning lights have run
To beat the gloomy shades with brilliant spectral wings,
. . . . The twenty eyes of gold with those in Punchau's face
Gaze down through aisle of priests to where, with outstretched hands,
The living Inca Lord, proud Huayna Ccapac, stands." . . 16
Wood Engraving.

XI.—"Note these in puma fur,
Their heads within the skulls. How now they growl and purr,
As feline strides they take round those in skins of deer
All crowned with antlers old, then shout with glee at fear". . 22
Wood Engraving.

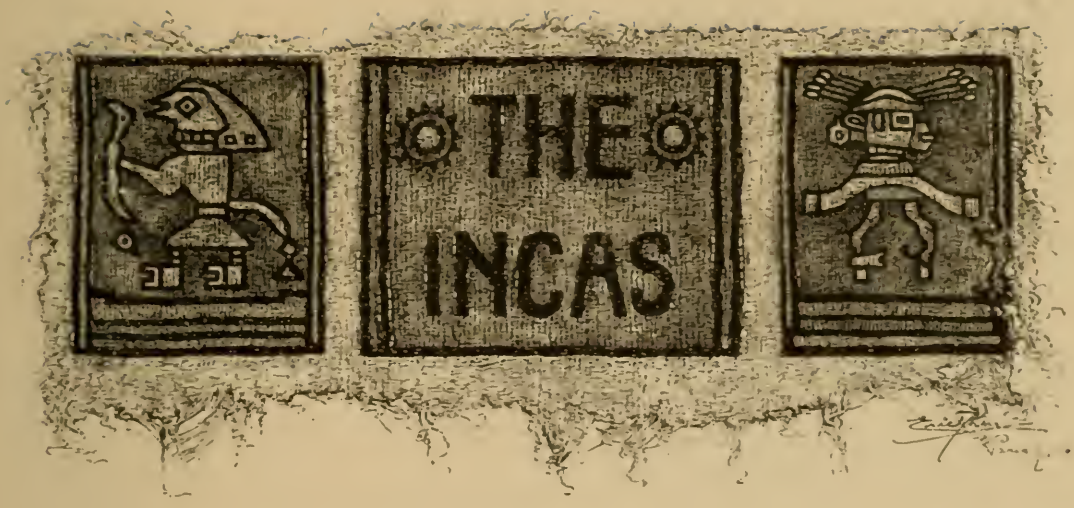
XII.—"The graceful forms, half nude, with lovers interlaced,
The newly mated souls in tenderness embraced,—" . . . 28
Wood Engraving.

XIII.—"The square is as a tomb, where under faded sky,
In drunken, tangled heaps, all those once frenzied lie
So motionless and calm that vultures overhead
Look down to learn if Death a feast for them has spread." . . 32
Wood Engraving.

XIV.—"On Titicaca now
The fabled tiger stood, the ruby in its brow . . .
No sound its lips released,
But, trembling in its rage, it pointed to the east
And smiled maliciously." 46
Wood Engraving.

XV.—Ear-Rings of Inca Mummies 48
Pen Drawing.

Cover Design by Eric Pape.


THE
INCAS

THE INCAS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

THE Inca year, our fourteen ninety-one,
With winter's month of June has silently begun.
To Punchau's car of war the forces ruling space
Are being harnessed now by spirits for the chase,
Along ethereal paths, to drive black, gloomy Night
O'er earth's far western edge with countless spears of light.
The Morning Star, his page, will follow him near by,
And Quilla, sister-wife, and coya of the sky,
Surrounded by her maids, will still remain in view
'Gainst Viracocha's robe of deep celestial blue.

Though reigning Night would hide the god of day from sight
Behind East Heaven's gates becoming pearly white,
Great Viracocha speaks, and, at his high command,
Pure Chasca's blushes tint the sky and distant land,
Where first the mountain gods lift high their heads in space
And flush in kissing smiles from her entrancing face,
Until their features bold, beneath high crystal crowns,

Her messengers, the mists, have veiled in threat'ning frowns.
Then hair of clustered gold she shakes with woman's pride
And scatters pearls of dew far down their rugged side,
Refreshing every leaf of flower, shrub, and vine;
And as all powers asleep her loving arms enshrine
In Nature's heart of light, she calls in sweetest voice,
"My son, great Punchau 's born. Awake! Behold! Rejoice!"

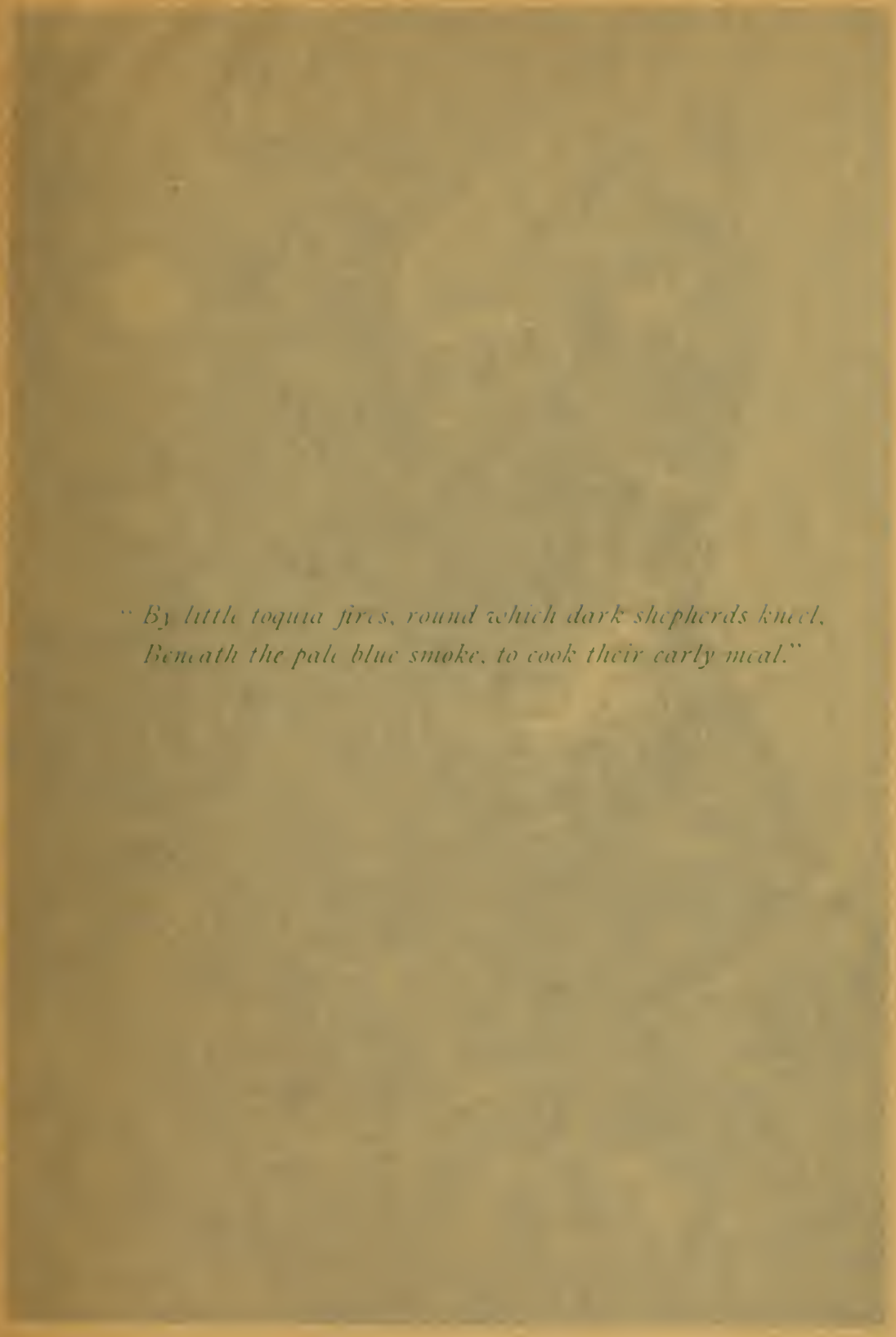
In highest cliffs and long abandoned mines of gold
Majestic condors, now, gigantic wings unfold,
And gaze a hundred miles, with savage, searching eyes,
Upon the wondrous scene that far beneath them lies;
While great gypagi, too, fierce scavengers of air,
Their scented feathers dust, and lazily prepare
To soar above the world in countless rings of flight
Through which departing souls pass to eternal light.
Then tawny pumas roar within their hidden lairs,
And turn their rounded ears to catch from thinnest airs
The distant yells of hate or wooing whines of love
That come with echoes rung in lonely rocks above
From tigers on the crags; and, answering these below,
The wild huanaco flocks, on bright'ning plains of snow,
Dash on to lower lands where, filled with signaled fear,
Like fleecy clouds on wind, vicuñas disappear
O'er fields with tola brown and sere with ichu hay,



To gorges hiding Night till Dawn gives place to Day.
With saddles weighted well with wealth of richest mine,
About the mountain sides white trains of llamas twine.
Their plaintive eyes, aflame with golden sparkles borne
By gentle, fresh'ning breeze from tresses of the Morn,
Are turned to restful downs where flocks unnumbered roam
O'er withered moss and herbs just tinted in the gloam
By little toquia fires, round which dark shepherds kneel,
Beneath the pale blue smoke, to cook their early meal.
Upon four thousand towers in massive stone tambos
That way-worn trav'llers shield from wintry winds and snows;
Upon a thousand towers, forts guarding army stores,
Kept ever there for troops on march to frontier wars;
And on great fortress walls—the strongest in the world,
Where still the armies sleep beneath their banners furled,
Grave sentinels, well armed with axe, lance, sling, and bow,
And clothed in wool or fur, pace slowly to and fro.
They hear the Thunder's voice, see Lightning dart away
To break the East-wind's vase ere the approach of Day;
They see volcanoes puff to raise their plumes still higher,
Then boldly kiss the cheek of Morn with lips of fire;
They hear medano ghosts play with the shifting sands,
Evoking music strange like that of spirit-lands;
They watch swift chasquis dash by long, slow caravans
And squads of mitimaes on march to far off lands.
Through clouds these runners fly along high dizzy ridges,

At times in gales they rock on great suspension bridges.
From little bolson worlds held high in Alpine hands,
To valleys hid in woods dividing trackless sands;
Through vineyards, orchard groves, and fields of gathered grain,
Past gardens hung on cliffs, or sunk in driest plain,
And watered by canals from reservoir and lake
Kept filled by crystal streams that rise where glaciers break;
Round parks and palaces perfumed with tropic flowers,
'Mid baths and theatres in shade of prison towers,
Near virgin convent walls and temples of the sun,
By deeply buried graves and chulpa vaults, they run
On the smooth, pavèd roads which, like a net well cast,
Enfold within their threads a despotism vast.
Yet sentinels care not what knotted quipus say
As they announce with drums the birth of New Year's day;
These wise Amautas read before the golden throne,
Great Huayna Ccapac's now, who reigns supreme—alone.

Full twenty million souls behold the god of light,
As swiftly catching back the curtains of the Night
With lances dazzling bright, he proudly takes his place
In court of countless stars, in realm of boundless space;
While gifts of joyful life his messengers unfold,
As they collect and string, on finest threads of gold,
His mother's pearls of dew—thank-offerings on earth



"By little toquia fires, round which dark shepherds kneel,
Beneath the pale blue smoke, to cook their early meal."

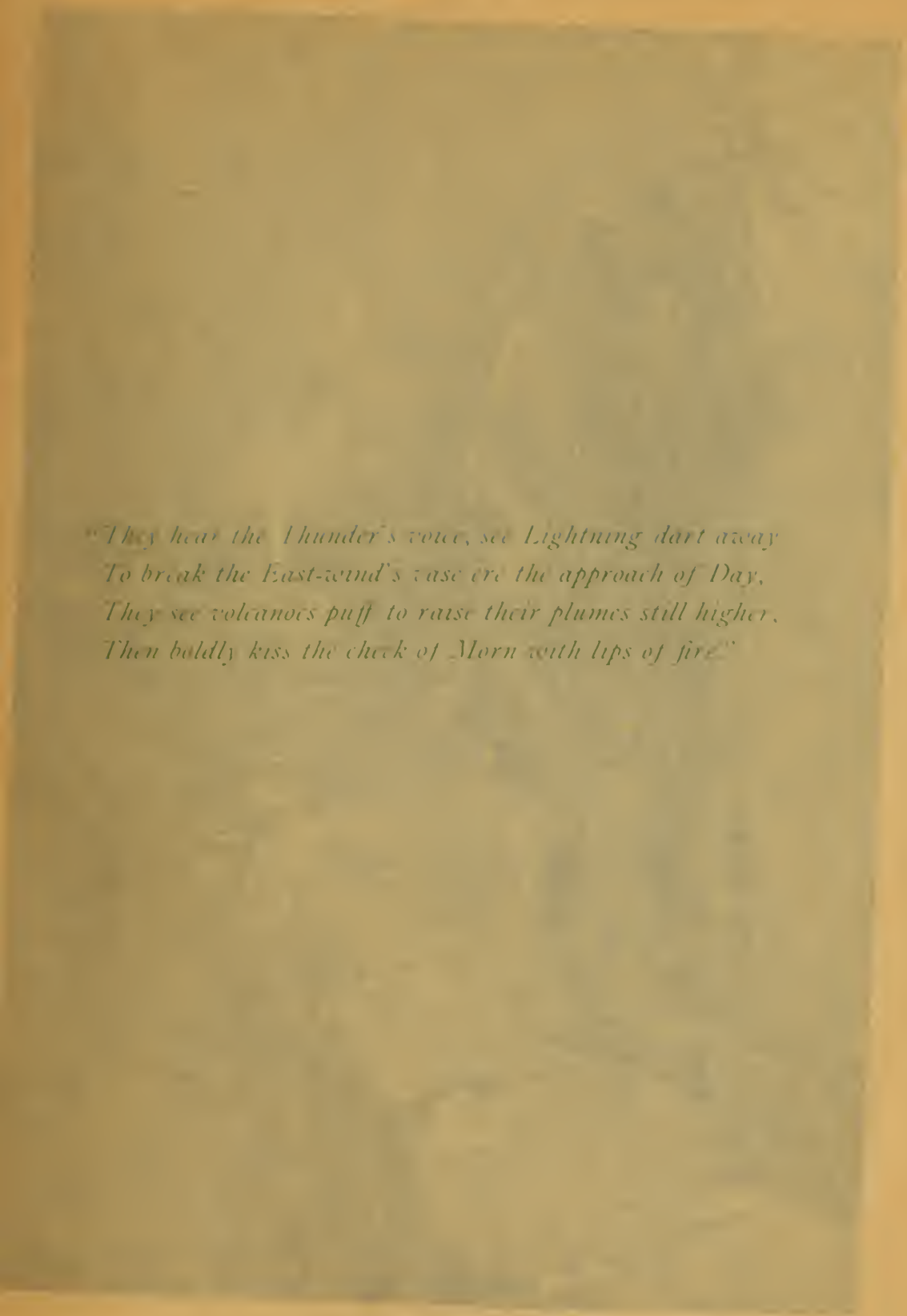


For Viracocha's love bestowed in Punchau's birth.
But when pure Chasca dies within her eastern cave,
A pall of clouds is thrown from heaven o'er her grave
On which the tears of gods in gentlest showers drop
From where the East-wind weeps upon the mountain top;
And Cuchi, here and there, hangs rainbow scarfs o'erhead,
Which gleam like colored wreaths of flowers for her who 's dead.

Montaña, from her peaks above eternal snow,
Through grandeurs filled with God, to tropics far below,
In mournful quiet rests. The storm divinities,
Enchained, do hardly breathe to wave aerial seas.
Illampu and his bride, white Illimani, stand,
Like sphinxes, facing east to guard this silent land.
Fierce Antis cease from war. With poisoned arrows hung
In quivers on their backs, their pow'rful bows unstrung,
They seek the woodland's gloom. Like spectral forms they creep.
From Paucartambo's walls where soldiers, half asleep,
Forget their battle-songs to dream of home and love
In rainbow lights which fall from banners just above
And stripe their copper skins. Biscacha, fox, and bear
Have crawled within their caves. Deer softly sniff the air,
The eagle's cry is hushed. The gentle perfumed breeze,
Through flower censers passed, scarce fans the giant trees.

Cebidæ huddle close within the thickets round,
The many painted snakes and lizards hug the ground,
And parrots, brilliant hued, perch low without a sound.
E'en torrents, when they leap, and light on feet of spray,
In softest murmurings for Chasca's soul they pray—
That she may come again to bless another morrow,
And, giving birth to Day, may live, not die in sorrow.
No shock to stillness there, until one, trembling, hears
Some mighty avalanche, awaked from sleep of years,
Rush, madly roar, and plunge; or feels Earth quake with pains
From land of Death and Shade where dreadful Cupay reigns.

Awake! Pacific blue. The spirits of the Morn,
On mighty wings of light beyond Cordilleras borne,
Glide o'er thy tranquil waves, and from three thousand miles
Roll back the mists which veil thy splintered shores and isles.
The fishermen unwind their nets of braided wool;
The southern breeze has come; the balsa sails are full.
Awake! and fringe with lace of pearls and silver spray
The caves and high, ledged rocks on which sea lions play
Beneath the feathered host that crowned thine eagle king.
But let them hear thy voice and all that breathe will sing
Glad welcome to the Day. A hundred cities stand
In yonder fertile vales within the desert sand,
Their frowning fortresses upon the terraced mounds,
Their stately palaces, their parks and pleasure-grounds,



"They hear the Thunder's voice, see Lightning dart away
To break the East-wind's vase ere the approach of Day,
They see volcanoes puff to raise their plumes still higher,
Then boldly kiss the cheek of Morn with lips of fire."



Their temples filled with gold, their quiet, sacred homes
In whose mosaic yards the priest and vestal roams,
Now singing to thy gods,—their prisons and their tombs,
Oft hang upon thine edge. Snow peaks, volcanic plumes,
The orchard's coral flame, the vineyard's purple gleam,
The coca, rice, and maize on every hill and stream,
The streets, the public squares, the pyramids so tall,
The aqueducts, canals, each gay adobe wall,
And fountain, statue, vase, with azure growing sky,
Are imaged on thy breast. Like wanton canst thou lie
Amid such lovers' gifts? Must Rimac Idol speak
To light with thankful smiles thy lifeless, painted cheek?
The Ocean must forget? What mean those bleaching bones
On fields once soaked with blood? Look yonder! Chimu thrones
Are hung with foreign flags. Their empire sands have run
Within the Inca's glass. They kneel before the Sun;
Their oracle is dumb. E'en Pachacamac's name
Is "Viracocha" now, whilst Earth and Air proclaim
His Punchau next in power. Can balm of scented wood,
Or perfume of the flower destroy the brotherhood
Of pow'rful elements? For, wrapped in incensed sleep,
Thou seemest so estranged. Awake, tremendous Deep!
Excel all else in joy! See how the mountains blaze!
The Fire-god's car appears! Awake, and roar thy praise,
To Chasca's worshipped child!

The great Sierra lands present the grandest scene.
Held miles above the sea in Alpine laps between
Gigantic arms of rock stretched down from mountains white
With crystal snows which seem, like lakes, to steal the light
Of skies from silver-gray to gold, then on to blue;
Among those punas bleak, where all of life in view
Is on some public road and post or tambo wall,
Near which the wild beasts prowl and hungry vultures call
To reigning Death for food; through regions cursed, it seems,
With veta and soroche, with frosts and pois'nous streams,
And frozen blasts that whirl the snows from waste to waste;
'Mid these uncovered graves in glacial peaks incased,
Each portal guarded well by fortresses of stone,
The "Children of the Sun" who rule this torrid zone,
These communists controlled by one despotic will—
This proud, brave Inca race, in all its glory still,
Now greets the coming day. Here lie fresh inland seas,
Their shores from shores unseen, their sparkling waves from lees
Alive with moving craft, whose red and yellow sails
Are sheened with sunlit airs which sweep their liquid trails;
Here flow famed rivers wide o'er which withe bridges swing,
And countless barges cross where Winter keeps for Spring,
In valleys which enchant, in gorges which appall,
The rich, sweet tropic fruits and fragrant gems of Fall;
Here midst high purple cliffs, on brown and crimson plains,

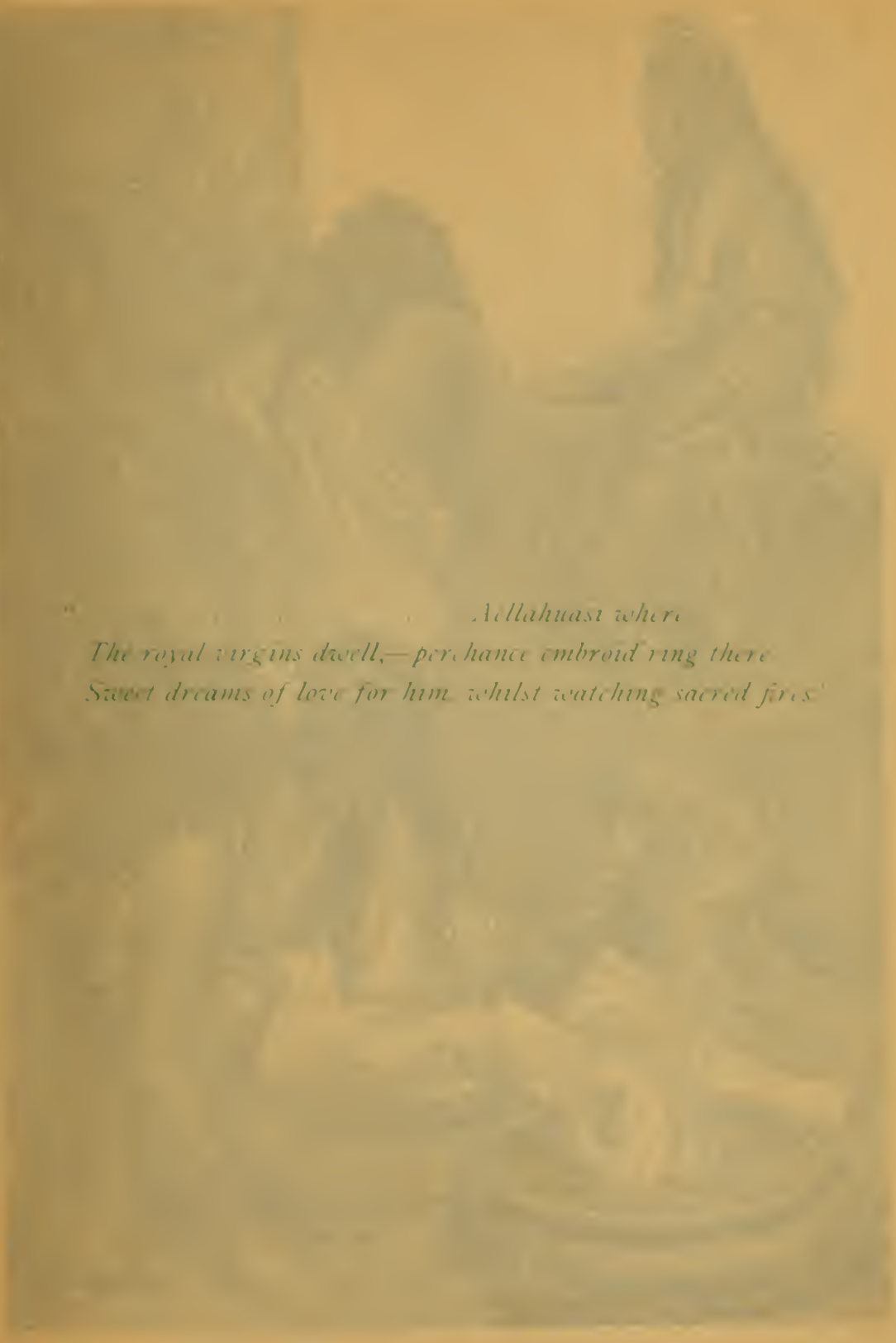
Tired naked Summer sleeps in Autumn's leafy rains,
Awaiting Punchau's love to grant her modest claim,
And weave, on looms of light, the robes which hide her shame;
Here once, when Nature raged, the angels placed her lands,
Between the stars and seas, in Viracocha's hands,
And made a paradise where this imperial race,
With blood of kingdoms stained, enclosed each precious space
In laws, upheld, at last, among a million spears;
While rocks of ages fell, in dust of little years,
From Time's eternal arch. These classic lands, so strange,
Thus hid from worlds below, in this grand mountain range,
Ne'er see the birth of Dawn, nor cross on Night's dark breast
As conquered Punchau sinks beneath the liquid west,
Yet his victorious march is made through their blue skies
To lift a heaven's veil and show to mortal eyes
A mirrored glimpse of God. From any distant height
Where Despoblado or Andean spirits light,
On castles of the Frost, Day's signal fires of life,
From there, when storm winds rest from their terrific strife,
The grandeur wakens awe, the stillness, pensive thought,
The beauties, pure delight, and these, together wrought,
Transport the lifted soul, through rev'rence hushed in peace,
To self-forgetfulness, in which all discords cease.
The lakes and rivers, fed by brooks dashed white with spray,
Seem splendid sapphires hung on emerald chains, to-day,

All lowered on strings of pearls by giant gods of bronze
To girdle worlds they love. The hanging villa lawns,
The hills, and meadow fields, the pastures filled with flocks,
And vales where rest the towns amid the gardened rocks,
Their roofs of yellow straw, and stuccoed walls so bright,
In Indian frescoes dressed, reflecting Punchau's light,
Appear enameled gifts from God's own Paradise.

It is Thanksgiving day—a day of sacrifice,
And prayer alit with joy. The Raymi have begun.
In Cuzco's central square, those kneeling to the Sun,
Their shouts of welcome hushed, their wildest music rung
From crude barbaric bands, their songs of triumph sung,
In nervous silence wait, each eager first to view
Great Punchau's living son and royal retinue,
Who, hid in carved sedans inlaid with gems and gold,
On softest cushions rest. As, slowly, they who hold
The curtains weighted down with rich, grotesque designs
Half part the gorgeous folds, there waves along the lines
Of those devoted slaves an humbly muttered praise,
As when the kindly wind half lifts the tinted haze
To show imprisoned seas a glimpse of brilliant land
Which bids them murmur love and kiss its feet of sand.
But when their Inca Lord and princes proud alight,
Arrayed in gayest robes whose splendors dazzle sight,
And stand before them all, the Thunder seems to raise

His voice with those of men this human god to praise,
And fragrant flowers brought from every sheltered nest,
Are thrown to cover ground by tread of sovereign blessed.
While thus his subjects show their patriotic love,
Great Huayna Ccapac turns his gleaming eyes above
To Viracocha's book, on boundless space begun,
Each page of clustered stars illumined by a sun,
As if he learned from marks of that unerring pen,
The destinies of gods, as well as those of men.
Then in his jewelled hand, to firm, yet full, red lips,
The sacred vase he lifts, and, sprinkling while he sips
The wine of maize it holds, he bows his head and prays
To that almighty One the universe obeys.
When each proud noble tastes the sacramental wine,
Great Uillac Umu steps from out the courtly line
Where wealth belittles wealth and pride outrivals pride,
His face adorned with love and reverence allied,
And from the vase this priest, expounder of commands
In mystic harmonies played by Nature's spirit hands
On strings of purest souls, now scatters what remains,
And doubly blessed are they whose gala clothes he stains
With one small drop of wine. At call of Alpine fay,
Oft lakes, like serpents, wake, uncurl, and twist away
From crumbling chains of rock to glide down deep defiles,
Chase stillness with their cries, and paint the shady miles,
Where Punchau peeps through cliffs, with rainbows Cuchi gives

Their rapids tossing foam. Then where wild Nature lives
And temples emerald plains in marble walls so blessed
With huge, rough Indian gods on whose broad shoulders rest
A heaven filled with stars, they softly sink and fall
Asleep again. So when the silver trumpets call,
This human sea, becalmed beneath a monarch's feet,
Like fabled reptile wakes, unwinds, and crawls the street
Between the Inca's home and Acllahuasi where
The royal virgins dwell,—perchance embroid'ring there
Sweet dreams of love for him, whilst watching sacred fires.
The great procession's voice mysteriously inspires.
On Sacsahuaman's walls an army's banners come
In view with shining spears, and music of the drum
Would answer that below. From palaces of state,
As sombre until now as cliffs on which they wait
For their dead Inca Lords, gay flags and streamers wave,
Whose shadows dance in courts the rich mosaics pave.
On harems' silver seats in feathered canopies,
Where love-wives, half adream, sang wooing melodies,
And drew bewild'ring love from flute and tinya's breast,
Their sweet, alluring lips and light, soft hands caressed,
While naked girls kept time in slow and sensual dance,
And Passion Virtue held in strange mesmeric trance,
The only sound now heard is that of waters' play
Where golden fountains cool the feet of battling Day.
The spindle wheel 's asleep ; the weaver drops his weft ;



Aellahuast where
The royal virgins dwell,—perchance embroid'ring there
Sweet dreams of love for him, whilst watching sacred fires.'



In cooling vat his cloth the careless dyer 's left ;
The yielding clay, half shaped, now slips the potter's hand ;
The miner leaves his pick—and trough of golden sand ;
O'er founder's mould, unwatched, the liquid metals flow ;
The forging hammer 's still, the bellows cease to blow.
Astronomers forget their study of the spheres
Which on sucancas mark divisions of the years ;
The humble penitents from their confessors turn ;
Fresh entrails lie untouched, nor do diviners learn
From flight of passing birds, maize pile, or spiders' feet
The prophecies revealed. From out their lone retreat,
In dreary mountain caves, the poor, chaste hermits run,
Their vows unsaid, to hear an empire praise the sun,
And prisoners in cells hold still their clanking chains
Which mock religion's voice, afraid to lose the strains
Of sacred music heard with cheers and bugle calls.
E'en snakes and lizards, carved in cold cyclopean walls,
Seem now, in sculptured sleep, to turn their stony eyes
To see the Earth thus thank the god who lights the skies.
Yet when the devotees to Coricanchu come,
A mystic charm is born in sound of muffled drum,
From where dead empires prayed the guards of silence run
To still each shout of praise. The Temple of the Sun,
The wonder of the world, in famous garden stands,
Amid its chapels four, and solemnly commands
Them all to pause and pray. In Inti-pampa square

The frightful idols wait and sternly, fiercely stare
Upon the bleating sheep Tarpuntay firmly hold,
Whilst out the sacred walls, from cornices of gold,
Are spread those colored wings of interwoven lights,
By spirits of the stones, to guard the blessed sights.

Once more they leave their cars. This time the sovereign stands
Among the idols grim. No plume or scarlet bands,
Insignia of his power, now crown his raven hair,
Of jewelled sandals, too, his hallowed feet are bare.
Why such humility from man who dares thus stand
Companion of the gods? This arbiter of land
And sea, the world—its life, whose free despotic will,
The beasts and birds and fish, as well as men, fulfill,
Is greater than the stars, and equal to the Day
Whom dread Illapa serve and fear to disobey.
What means this change in dress? He answers it in prayer.

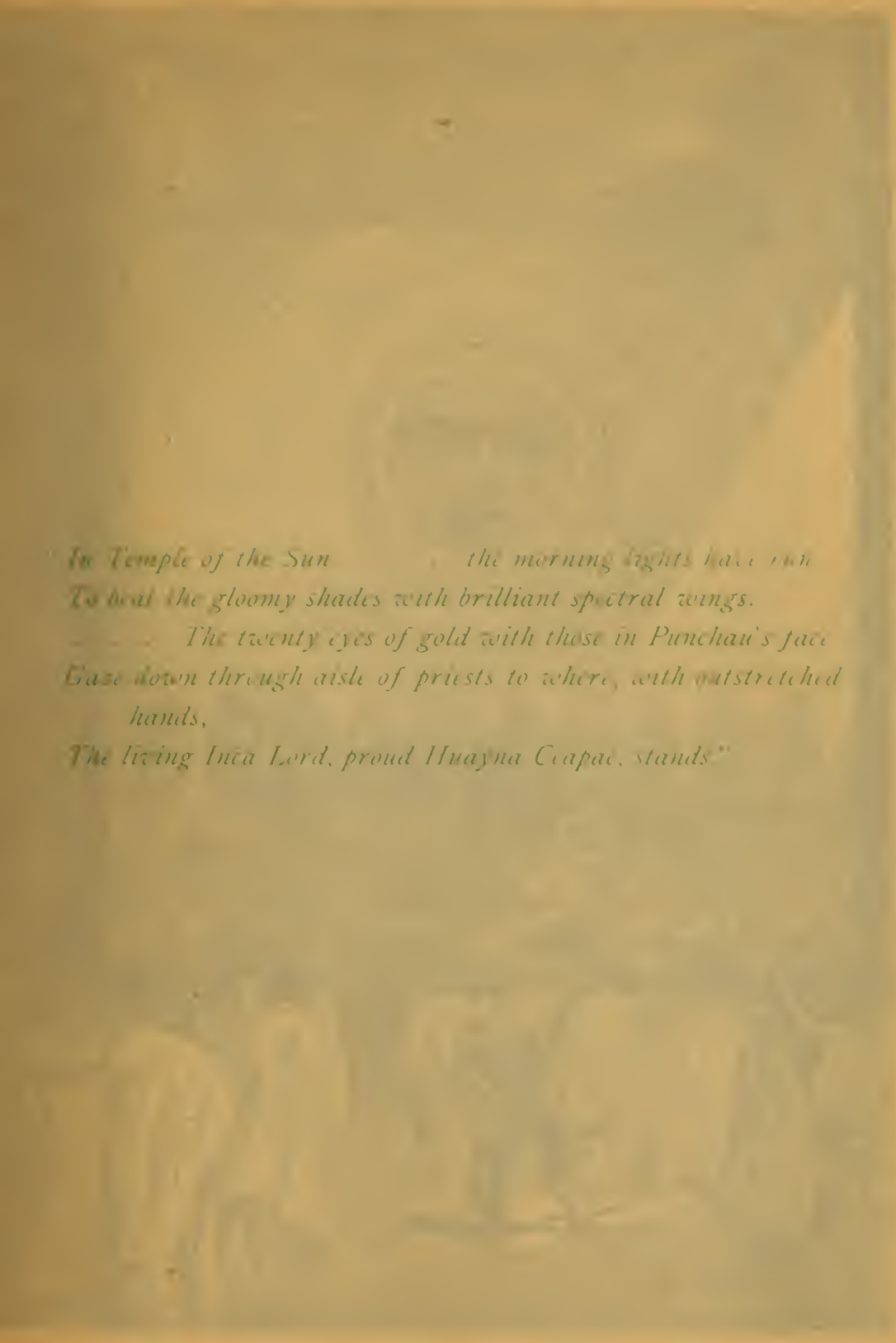
"O Viracocha, God all-powerful, everywhere!
'T is Thou who made the earth, the seas, the day, the night,
And hung on chains of law tremendous worlds that light
Thy throne and endless realm. Great Punchau, free, yet bound
Like slave or tethered beast must make for Thee his round.
For Thee deep Thunder speaks, terrific Lightning flies,
And Star-gods light Thy paths in gardens of the skies.
Our mountains were but waves of stone from chaos rolled,

When Thou didst change their crests of snow to crowns of gold,
And throne them deities. Then what was man but clay,
Till quickened by Thy breath, his soul's eternal day
Dawned from the night of death? O God of gods, behold,
Thy Huayna Ccapac kneel to this Thy form of gold!
The idol made of tears the new-born Heavens shed
When first they heard Thy voice! He bares his feet and head
To humbly pray to Thee his powers to increase
Until the trembling earth doth sue for endless peace,
And nations which rebel are swept by him to death
As are the withered leaves by Winter's icy breath;
Yea, till, 'mid dripping spears, his armies have unfurled
His rainbow banners o'er the edges of the world,
And skies alone dare bound the Incas' vast domain
Where subject to Thy will, this lesser god doth reign."

While thus their sovereign prays, at first the savage throng
Becomes so still it hears the Tullamayo's song,
And pure Huatenay laugh as shyest maiden would
To hide a flush of love. But when he 's understood,
A buzzing sound like that an insect army sings
When cooling Summer's face with myriads of wings,
Breaks through the hush of tribes as yet half tamed by fear.
For, though these prostrate fall, their fancies seem to hear
O'erhanging mountains groan, rock-gods leap down defiles,
Their footsteps echoed through ravines a hundred miles.

Then monsters lash to foam the bays of distant seas,
Dread ghosts with chilling cries wave to the willow trees,
And Quilla bids her maids half veil their lustrous eyes
From angry Punchau's light that fain would burn the skies.
The pelican's harsh grunt, the dog's low, sullen growl,
The hiss of pois'nous snake, the puma's jealous howl,
The savage eagle's scream, the flap of condor's wing,
All mingle with the songs the wooing waters sing
And plaintive cry of sheep. Then on Isle Puna's shore,
In shrine of blackest stone defaced with scenes of war,
Fierce Tumbal leaves his throne to yell loved battle-cries;
And huge volcanoes wake to flame their inky skies.
Thus superstitions fan imagination's fire
And keep alive the fear these petty gods inspire,
Till Uillac Umu's eyes with keen, magnetic glance,
Well aided by the sight of upheld axe and lance,
Have chained their noisy souls within their tattooed skins
And made them cringe and beg forgiveness for their sins
From Him before whose love their treasured idols rust,
Or, crumbling, fall, at last, in mem'ry's hated dust.
The Inca, has he gone?

In Temple of the Sun,
Through golden doors ajar, the morning lights have run
To beat the gloomy shades with brilliant spectral wings,
To brush each priest's white robe, and censer as it swings,



In Temple of the Sun . . . the morning lights have run
To beat the gloomy shades with brilliant spectral wings.
. . . . The twenty eyes of gold with those in Punchau's face
Gaze down through aisle of priests to where, with outstretched hands,
The living Inca Lord, proud Huayna Ccapac, stands"



To shine the golden fonts, to light their jets and showers,
And magically wand the shadows into flowers.
From inlaid floor to walls of purest gold they dash,
Then on to primrose roof, revealing in each flash
The splendid beauty there; and gath'ring as they go,
In light of emerald and ruby lamps aglow,
The softest colors found, they let them fall below,
With blessings of the god to meet ascending prayer,
A powdered rainbow on the soothing, incense air.
On western wall there rests, ablaze with precious stones,
The image of the sun; beneath on golden thrones
Ten ghastly Inca kings, erect and motionless,
Dark statues left by Death, yet not expressionless,
For though their souls may drift through intermediate space
In Viracocha's care, each strong, commanding face
Seems half alive, as if its faded lips might gasp
Some strange decree, as if the withered hands that clasp
The jewelled sceptres close might raise them high once more
And show all men that in this clay which they adore,
Bedecked in regal robes, the godlike minds yet dwell
That built this empire where the great Piruas fell,
And by victorious wars extended its domains,
Between Pacific shores and Amazonian plains,
Across a continent. But look! though lights still fly,
Now fonts to mirrors change, and while chants, trembling, die,

And censers swing to sleep 'mid folds of smoky lace,
The twenty eyes of gold with those in Punchau's face,
Gaze down through aisle of priests to where, with outstretched
hands,
The living Inca Lord, proud Huayna Ccapac stands.
Though still in humble dress, before admiring eyes,
With magic brush of light and colors from the skies,
The spirits tint his robes. Rich sandals, dropped, perchance,
By fairies of the Sun in gay and sparkling dance,
Are slipped upon his feet. Then on his brow they place
A diadem, the gift of every star in space.
Unconscious of the gifts, in half commanding prayer,
He now addresses him whose empire is the air.

"O wondrous deity, mysterious ideal
Of yonder burning globe! before Death's hand can seal
The tiny windowed cells where souls are held on earth,
We watch, each cloudless morn, fair Chasca give thee birth,
And when thy face appears we see glad Heaven flush,
And smaller gods, ashamed, behind her curtains rush;
Then hearts are filled with joy as braves, llautued with light,
Drive on, from plain to sea, those wearing plumes of Night.
We see our frozen worlds, when by thee warmly kissed,
Awake on beds of flowers, throw off their robes of mist,
And blushingly extend their perfumed arms above,
To hide their naked breasts with thy rich gifts of love.

Yet, while all beasts and birds, the rapids, lakes, and seas,
And myriad harps and reeds of Nature's minstrelsies,
Are antheming thy praise, thou splendid life of fire!
Our souls' still voices tell of One, unseen, far higher;
That substance changed and germs evolved in thy embrace,
Yea thou, and all there is in firmaments of space,
Are mysteries of thought, creations of a will
That bounds infinity, and bids vast ages still,
With mighty forces build that temple, long designed,
Which, when complete, will be the universe enshrined
In His great heart of love. O Father of us kings,
Through skies His powers soar with thee upon their wings;
Thy warmth 's a spark from Him, and homage paid to thee,
In votive gifts and prayer, is but thy children's plea,
That thou obey this God who fixed thy destiny
To bless the Inca race.

"Kind Inti! take the sting
From out the East-wind's lash, and make his cloud-slaves fling
Their snowy burdens down where coward Antis dwell
Within those forest-shades they vainly sentinel;
Then drug the winter storms all peacefully to rest
Upon their ramparts gray which wall the threat'ning west,
Or let them vent their rage against the Frosts in strife,
Up glacial roads that lead above the world of life,
To palaces which seem to rest upon the sky,

Like fantasies of dream, and, challenging, defy
The Thunder's fearful bolts and all those tempest-powers
Whose shrieks and moans are heard among their icy towers.
O most beneficent of gods by man beheld,
In token of thy gifts these Raymi feasts are held.
Long ere the golden wedge of thy son Manco sank
Within this Cuzco vale and scattered ayllus drank
The wisdom of his words, our Allpa worshipped thee,
But now her countless homes do rest in sacred lee
Of temples of the Sun; her chapelled hearths and shrines
In every bolson land an Inca's will confines,
Resound with songs of praise; and, when thy altars smoke
With burning flesh and grain, an Empire doth invoke
Thy favors for its Lord. So, Inti, keep thy face
Toward us, thy children, that these sceptred hands may trace
The limits of the world, and on its corners place
Four idols of the Day."

In chapel of the Moon
The monarch's voice was heard, for through the great saloon
Now floats a heavenly tune from many tinya strings,
With chant as soft and pure as those an angel sings
To woo a soul to good. 'T is melody's caress
Poured forth from Quilla's shrine—a message virgins bless
With welcome from their hearts evoking pictured thought
Of virtue's loveliness. E'en Punchau's face that wrought

In gold appears to smile, as though he heard, above
Each maiden's lovely voice, his Quilla's whispered love,
And see! the old kings start. No, no! it was the wind
That shook their stiffened joints. The dead must wait behind.
Great Viracocha wills that Huayna go alone
To where their sister wives, each on her silver throne,
Wait near the silver moon, and watch the vestals turn
The ashes in the urn whose sacred flames could burn
The crescents on their breasts; and when his greetings ring
Within these silver walls, there bursts from throat and string
An anthem due a god, which, heard in other shrines,
Is answered by the priests, until the blessed confines
Of Coricanchu break with joy of idols there,
Who gladly promise Earth the blessings of the air.
Through chapel of the stars, all tapestried in blue,
He goes to ask the Cross and Pleiades renew
Their vows to shame the Night. Then where the Thunder rolled
From hundred gongs and shook the forkèd streaks of gold
On cold, gray walls oft flashed with lurid fires that leap
To cloudy roof of smoke, he bids the moist winds weep,
When Allpa is athirst, refreshing tears of rain;
And, last, bright Cuchi hears him pray that he enchain
The Heavens to the Earth with his untwisted rope
Of seven jewelled strands, and wed to peace the hope

That, with his crystal bow of overlapping lights,
He 'll drive the fiercest storms beyond the mountain heights.

When, pensive, he returns to Inti-pampa square,
The sacrifice begins. Before the idols there
Three blood-stained altars stand. To each a sheep is led.
The Sun's is lion-hued, the Thunder's, black and red,
But Viracocha's, white. Tarpuntay offer these
With toasted maize, sweet bread, and scented juice of trees,
And Huacap Uillac bow, receiving them with prayer
For their especial gods. Their arms then Nacac bare,
And, drawing knives of bronze from belted crimson gowns,
They watch the Villca's face austered by solemn frowns.
He smiles; the thin lips part; the blades are lifted high.
He speaks; they flash and fall; there 's heard a deathly cry.
Hamurpa stepping forth, bend o'er each bleeding lung,
And trace fate-threads on which the new-born year is hung.
With concave mirrors then Tarpuntay swiftly run
And catch the sacred fire from gathered rays of sun.
The cotton, dried, ignites, the fagots bend and snap,
And flaming tongues of gods the burning victims lap,
As round the altars walk, in order of their rank,
The Inca and his Court. None merely pray and thank
The gods, for they demand from jewelled hand rich showers
Of silver, gold, and pearls, with polished shells and flowers—



"Now this is Pallas fire.
These heads within the shells. Hist! now they growl and purr.
As fellas strive they take round them the skins of deer
He crowned with antlers old, then shout with glee of war."



One snatched from ocean curls,—the other, runners' hands
Pluck from öases green amid the shifting sands
Where dwell the desert ghosts. So grand these nobles are,
And dazzling in their gems, each calls to mind a star
Seen through prismatic lens. Next those in civil states,
Proud viceroys; judges stern, and pompous magistrates;
Historians and bards; musicians, dramatists;
And actors, tragic, grave, with clowns and humorists,
Do glide before the eyes like forms in vivid dream,
To offer gifts and prayer and make the picture seem
Less rich, yet far more weird. But these have scarcely passed
When, lo, the hungry tribes, compelled three days to fast,
Push toward the burning flesh prepared for gods revered.
Before last evening's storm, its herald clouds appeared,
And moved in painted bands, white, purple, yellow, red,
Around the altared West whose fires the Heavens fed.
So now these Indians throng within this holy square,
And wrapped in tinted robes alit with altar's glare,
About the idols surge. Four quarters of the earth
Seem gathered here to-day to worship, feast and mirth
Before these awful forms, yet who could know the hearts,
Catch colors, pen the thoughts,—assume the varied parts,
In this now fearful scene? A soul must drift in hell
A lifetime to portray such sights and sounds as well
As do these savage men. Few ears have ever heard
Such wild and selfish pleas oft closed by warning word,

Or groan from cruel blow. There, melancholy, mild,
Are they who strive to kneel 'mongst those with frenzy wild
Who crush and sweep them on. Those yonder, restless, bold,
Do nearly touch the flames, while these more cautious, cold,
Or timid, wait their turn. To mock still hated tribes
And please the deities, some offer human hides,
Tanned relics of their wars, long hair and finger nails,
Bird-claws and fangs of beasts, snake-skins and shells of snails,
With bits from worshipped rocks, while others hiss and jeer
Through half-extracted teeth when mimicking the fear
Of enemies they 've slain. See those whose noses bleed!
They wrench from them the rings, the raging fires to feed.
One hears their stoic laugh now mingling with the mirth
Of those with flattened heads, distorted at their birth,
Who jump and yell and fling within the blazing pile
Bright necklaces of beads and copper bands they file
From off their painted limbs. Note these in puma fur,
Their heads within the skulls. How now they growl and purr,
As feline strides they take round those in skins of deer
All crowned with antlers old, then shout with glee at fear
Their wild, brave friends assume. Oh! what barbaric crowds!
The gaudy dresses here, and there the gloomy shrouds,
With those that mimic beasts, can scarcely long contain
The frantic minds within. They act like men insane.
Will not the Villca speak? The laughter, gibes, and prayer,
Bird screams, and puma cries, now mix with shrieks of air,

Deep roar of angered seas, the dread volcano's groan,
The thunder of cascades, and all the sounds thus known
To fierce idolaters, and no one interferes.
The serpent-covered walls background a thousand spears
Of warriors on watch, the glitt'ring points but sheathed
In atmosphere of gold, still not a captain 's breathed
One harsh rebuke as yet. Behold the Empire's strength—
Each worships in his way that curves to lead, at length,
To Punchau, then to God.

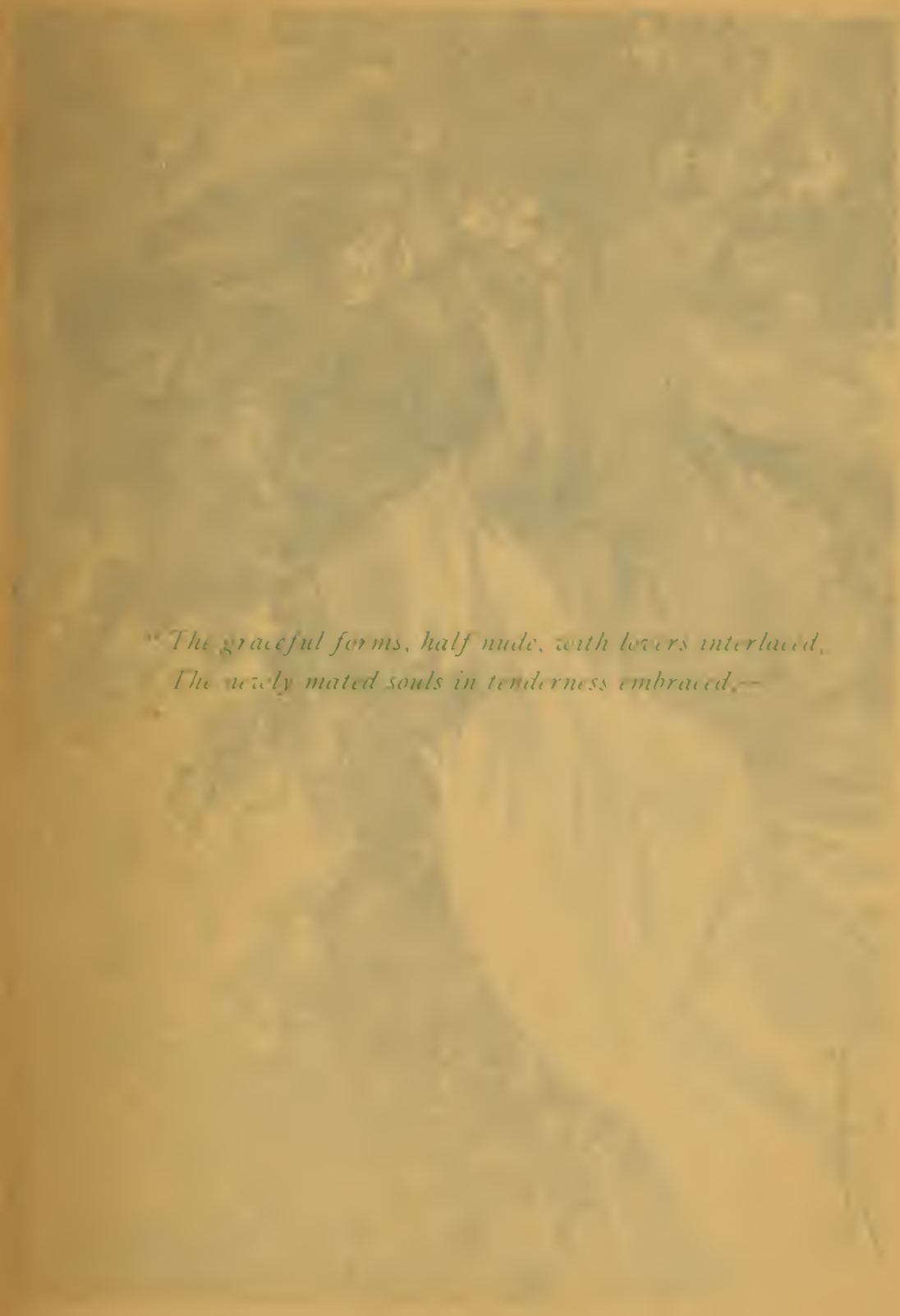
But all are not like these.
The footprints of a storm are kissed by gentlest breeze,
A winter's blackest clouds are turned to whitest snow,
The Summer's brightest flowers from darkest earth can grow,
And, after scythes of War, Love scatters seeds of peace.
So this wild scene will change. Ay, now the discords cease,
And harmonies so sweet, like mists, in thought do creep,
That, if they last awhile, the very gods must sleep,
As children do at prayer. Eight hundred youths, thought full
Of their Huaracu games, in shirts of yellow wool
And whitest mantles held by cords all tasselled red,
Now close the idoled space, their firm, yet lithesome tread
In time with ballads sung in favor of the Day.
Bright liveried chasquis, next, tell how he lights their way
From ocean to the skies. Then from the fields of Sun
The quiet farmers, come, sing how their furrows run
And fill with sacred grain; and now the sound-wave floats,

From dreamful shepherd's flute, the plaintive pastoral notes
Which woo the Alpine fays to bid them cease their strife
When Beauty Nature weds with gifts of warmth and life
From his great hand of light. Then ring, like echoes grave,
The sad recluses' chant which drives from lonesome cave
Remembrance of the world. From near and far, where'er
A soul 's in chapelled heart, they come with gifts and prayer
And voice their melodies, till e'en the spirit fires,
As when in convent walls they hear the vestal choirs,
Are songed to blissful rest.

Yet can it stay, this blue
The herald-clouds have left? Is savage worship through
When barely stained with blood? Look down each crowded street,
Those countless hungry eyes, say they "it is complete"?
Are not the Raymi feasts? In Huacapata square,
Long ere, on ocean's foam, in shroud of crimsoned air,
Beloved Punchau sleeps, they 'll ask, with wine and bread,
A thousand of his sheep now round these idols led.
Too soon the Villca speaks; but let the will pass by
This sight of bloody knives and drown each bleating cry
In later revelry.
'Mid mighty palaces festooned with rainbows hung
In flags from lofty towers, where Quilla's lamps are swung
To mock Night's gloomy hours, let Fancy call above
The torches' golden flames, then mate light-souls in love

To dance upon his cloak stretched o'er a joyful throng
Beneath a sky of gems. First hear the virgins' song
Among the tables laid on palmed and flowered stone
Refreshed with dewy pearls from lighted fountains thrown
Within that chain of gold. The hymn is one to Morn
In twilights of ravines sung after Day is born
By choirs of bright-hued birds. 'Midst seated multitude
Of painted Indians wrapped in gala clothes subdued
And weird by flick'ring fires, the princely tables rest
Round one almost a throne. Its cloth of gold is dressed
With soothing emeralds placed as nymphs do seaweed lace
On rocks the ebbtide bares for Evening's warm embrace.
The service, too, is gold, and vases of the same
Are filled with yellow flowers alit with softest flame
From tiny jewelled lamps, which eye but scarce discerns
From brilliant tropic fruits in canopy of ferns;
And here, by bench of gold, in all his splendor gowned,
And shining as the Sun, his scarlet llautu crowned
By alcamari plume, stands earth's Andean king
With holy sceptre raised to bid the Heavens sing
About his father's tomb, and keep their tapers bright
Until pure Chasca's smile shines through the veil of Night;
And as his heart's command vibrates 'mid silvered spires,
An answer comes from moon, the stars, and shooting fires,
In that resplendency which shames despairing sorrows
And weds the West to East in hope of happy morrows

With Viracocha love. Next, having broken bread
For chosen nobles near, he lifts above his head
A small, exquisite cup just brimmed by amber wine,
And, with that winning smile his subjects hold divine,
Invites their loyal souls, content though forced to dwell
As merely communed slaves within his mystic spell,
To drink to Inca gods. With joyous yell now bound
Ten thousand savages from off the torch-lit ground
With chicha bowls raised high. No lake in mountain bands
When thrown from tranquil rest by rough volcanic hands
Could start more wildly free. Yet some, as once before,
Hug close to olive breasts strange idols loved of yore,
And murmur unknown prayers whilst drinking long and deep,
To spirits who can hush this ice-bound world to sleep
In gentle arms of fire.
Ah! watch the changing scenes
As wine its battle wins. List! bells of tambourines!
The Chumpi-vilca maids, their pretty charms to gaze,
Are calling dancers now to bowers of yellow maize;
And, lifting golden chain encircling twice the square,
Young girls of every tribe, their blossoms tossed in air,
Are wooing sweethearts near with speaking eyes of jet,
From which love-secrets flash to make warm souls forget
The distant gods for joy, until, awhile, they 've danced
And sung the vestal psalm, for then, as though entranced;
Pure thoughts come back to calm those lusts in liquor's mist



"The graceful forms, half nude, with lovers interlaced,
The newly mated souls in tenderness embraced,—



Which beckon Chastity to sins it must resist—
Except in palace walls. Still, can these thoughts do more
Than mark on Pleasure's sea the distance to the shore
Where beat the waves of Sin? The voices fresh as May
Awakened by the dew; the footsteps light as spray,
Or rose leaves borne by wind from where the fountains play;
The graceful forms, half nude, with lovers interlaced,
The newly mated souls in tenderness embraced,—
Some meeting on the lips where kindly shadows hide
Sweet modesty or fear; the flowers on every side
Exhaling breath of spring; the gurgling laughs that come
With jingling of the bells; the syrinx, flute, and drum,
Impassioned by restraint; the very lights that swing
From palace walls and eaves on radiant ribbon-wing,
First soothe, by occult charm, the gorging, drinking throng
To stupid, maudlin rest,—a rest but seconds long,
For visions, yes, and sounds, to some, ghost-shapes assume,
And, wrapped in clouds of mind, they rise in chicha fume
To dance the dizzy air in wild, delirious maze.
Then up and on they whirl, in weak, unfocused gaze,
To blurred and reeling towers, when comes one flash of light
And all is gone—'t is dark—the drunkard's dreamless night.
Still others, when aroused, are maddened in the spell,
Their jealous eyes contract, their pow'rful muscles swell,
Their hands rush toward their belts, and then, like beasts of
prey,

With yearning, lustful cries they crouch to spring and slay
The slender youths who dance; but Huayna Ccapac 's near,
And there the judges sit, while lances bright appear
About the frescoed walls through which yon prison frowns
To chill one's very bones. So with a shriek that drowns
The pure, enchanting song, they curb these passions vile,
Or, staggering to earth, they dream, in sleep, awhile
Of dreadful liberties. Next those whom scars deface,
Through paint that mocks their years, do feebly clear a space
To dance and sing once more to braves as yet untried
Of Chanca, Chimu wars, in which, with gods allied,
They yoked rebellious earth. These, too, are quickly calmed,
But with the Inca's praise, as dying storms are balmed
In Punchau's vapored gold. Though many sounds abhorred,
By gentle, peaceful souls the lovers' hymn discord,
It grows more rich and full, just as, in gorges bleak,
The torrent voices do whene'er Allapa speak.
They sing till trumpet calls, when, with its last clear note,
The tones, melodious, sweet, on starlit threads afloat,
Rise heavenward to God, and fond ones glide away
In shadows of the streets to end their holiday
With vows and gifts of love,—and all is still as death.
'T is now a passion sea awaits the trumpet's breath,
And, when the silver speaks, the waves, ablaze with wine,
E'en singe the dykes of law to reach true Nature's shrine
And, in ungoverned joy, cast stained and powdered pearl

Upon her wanton feet. Then back and round they whirl,
The surfaces of shade becoming streaked with light,
As there they yellow turn and here to crimson bright,
While streamers from the roofs drop changing colors down
To paint this hellish scene in which each savage clown
Enacts such fiendish part—all closed in deaf'ning howls
That change to hideous laughs, or deep, half-smothered growls
When 'gainst the chain they bound in eagerness to sing
The old huayllina songs, and dance before their king.
What thinks this demi-god while watching hour by hour
These wild but subject guests? Could in that sacred bower
The liquor's fire intrude, to burn from such a soul
Its lofty images, or, stealing sight, enroll
Their splendors in a mist, for on his earnest face
Both Hell and Heaven seem alternately to trace
Extreme, conflicting thoughts. No, see! he stands erect,
Majestic as the Sun, and summons his elect,
Whilst through the rev'llers come those richly inlaid cars
In which they 're borne away as Quilla and the stars,
Expectant, face that way, where, on the world's dark brow,
God lays a band of gold. Oh! unrestrained, 't is now
Fierce savagery breaks forth in such appalling force
That soldiers tremble lest their spears will not enforce
The edicts of their king.

As strange as in a dream,
A spell is quickly wrought. The stars extinguished seem;

Each lamp and torch grows black, while lights that danced in love
'Mid palace walls and towers, on Night's new robe above,
Are veiled within its shreds, through which from phantom air
Float spectral grays and reds, so faint they die where'er
A smould'ring fire would live. For nothing has escaped
This universal gloom. The very flags are craped ;
The square is as a tomb, where under faded sky,
In drunken, tangled heaps, all those once frenzied lie
So motionless and calm that vultures overhead
Look down to learn if Death a feast for them has spread.
Yet foe already feeds. They gaze, then frightened, scream.
It is the glistening chain whose coils huge serpents seem
Entwined among the dead. E'en warriors asleep
Have let their weapons fall. Why longer should they keep
Awake with harmless shades that will but sulk awhile
With crumbs and dregs of wine? Can ghosts like these defile
The tables or their flowers ; and then they are so still,
And paled by spirit winds that bear o'er yonder hill
The perfumes of the Morn.

O beautiful Yucay! thou paradise of earth,
For sense and spirit too, God gave thy splendor birth.
When, battling with the Night, first Punchau saw thy face,
And half-veiled naked form within his foe's embrace,
Enraged, he pierced him through with lances plumed with light,

The square is as a tomb, where under-faded sky,
In drunken, tangled heaps, all those once frenzied lie
So motionless and calm that vultures overhead
Look down to learn if Death a feast for them has spread.



Then, raising him aloft, he flung him far from sight
Beyond thy garden walls. He found thee undefiled.
He made thee, Vale, his bride. Then endless Summer smiled ;
Each mountain robed in gold and donned a dazzling crown,
While winds æoled their joy, and cast ice-crystals down
From vases of the clouds. These fell in diamond showers,
Which changed to rainbows first, and then to fragrant flowers
To deck thy marriage bed. From glacial prisons broke
A myriad tiny brooks. Next greater streams awoke.
With liquid pearls these dressed thy tinted neck and breast ;
With perfumed waters sweet they bathed thy shapely feet ;
And, last, with mirrors bore thy image everywhere
To show all newborn life how wooing, winning fair
Was Punchau's love on earth. Then pisote trees out-spread
Unfading cloaks of green all worked in evening's red,
And whilst the willows tall and graceful sister trees
Were arching sheltered nooks amid the blooming leas,
Where Love's charmed arrows fall in whisp'rings of the breeze,
The orange tree, the peach, the apple, and the pear,
Enamoured from their sleep by touch of vital air,
Came forth with blossoms white and laced thy bridal veil,
And wove thee gowns of flowers until the nightingale
And all the tropic birds at sight of thee did sing,
In trills, their gladness forth. Thou heardst them carolling
Their songs of praise and mirth, and couldst thou also feel
Some, bolder than the rest, in joyous passion steal

The honey from thy lips? For thou didst smile above
And from thy Punchau ask a million chains of love
To hold them in thy bowers. Through deserts held by Death,
The gorges, dark and deep, had borne thy pure, sweet breath
To valleys far away, when through thy gateways came
Large-eyed vicuña herds, with timid deer, to claim
Thy woodlands as their own; and then harsh roars, and cries,
From lairs and eyries hid in cliffs amid the skies,
Were heard about thy groves. Dread enemies had come,
Fierce beasts and birds of prey. Yet they in turn were dumb.
E'en thou enraptured lay before those coming guests
Backgrounded by the blue behind the mountain crests.
Their rainbow banners flamed, their spears outshone the snow,
Their jewelled trappings shamed the radiant fields below,
And their triumphant songs broke in remotest cleft,
Above the realm of storms, the hush the deluge left.
On, on this pageant marched down from the painted west,
Allured by thee to win a welcome from thy breast.
"Oh whence are these?" thou asked, and from them answer won,
"We are from higher worlds—the Children of the Sun.
Our God has graced thy form, our Punchau warmed thy heart,
And Nature draped thee, Vale, with Life's exquisite art.
Yea, Quilla and her maids were present at thy birth,
To draw thy spirit-life from out the womb of Earth,
And strange magnetic charms, perchance thy tender smiles,

Have led us from the Night o'er yonder rocky miles,
To where we saw thy face resplendent with its charms,
Enticing us to rest within thy loving arms."
O Vale, since first they spoke within thy bright domains,
A heaven held to earth by mighty mountain chains
Enamelled with the snows, the centuries have moved,
Along the paths of time, on wheels that scarcely grooved
The many wreaths of joy by thee beneath them strewn.
As though through gardened skies, to Love's exquisite tune,
Each day in pleasure flies in dreamful, blissful thought
Within thy sentient life. Then see what they have wrought;
An angel must have placed in reach of Inca hands
Their God's enchanted wand to change for them thy lands
To such elysian homes. Round peaks the caravan
Now journeys 'midst the clouds. Thy chasms bridges span,
And pathwayed are thy cliffs. E'en glaciers are domained
With tambo posts and cairns, and Alpine lakes enchained
To pour through stone canals for terraced slope and plain
Their cool, swift crystal streams. The many golds of grain,
The blushes of the fruit, the flow'ring shrubs and vines,
Ferned grottoes, bright cascades, rich palaces and shrines,
Now crown thy sculptured walls whose gates are castles grand,
'Mongst which famed Pisac and Ollantaytambo stand—
Twin-prides of history. The wildwood paths are turned
To splendid granite roads, and fountained, statued, urned,
In all divine ideals, is every park that glows

With richest colors known ; whilst on thy broad plateaus,
Round temples of the Sun and marble harems, rise
Thy cities and thy towns, entrancing to the eyes
As fairied ones in mind. With clouds to north away,
Yon ghastly Chicon's brow was crowned in gold to-day,
And other monstrous gods, thus challenged, did impress
Their grandeurs on the scene where beauties in excess
Were stealing souls away in gala happiness.
Here, gathered at their feast, the revellers preferred
The laughing of the fall, the warbling of the bird,
And reeding of the wind, to mingle with their bands,
For here true Nature claimed to tear from thought the strands
Of weak, contracting rules. Here hearts, all unrestrained,
Poured forth in music wild the loves that they contained,
And, in abandonment, Delight, thus sceptred, reigned,
And Sorrow was enslaved. Sucancas, circles, towers,
The worshippers concealed beneath their votive flowers,
Erasing marks of time. To live was hope sublime.
To die ; well, what was Death ? In yonder vaulted rock
Those stately, life-like forms appeared to smile and mock
His once imagined power. Forgetful of their plight,
The doomed in prison cells on Pinculluna height,
From whence they 're hurled to die, pressed close against their
bars
To hail this New Year's dawn, as up to grateful stars
Arose thy altars' smoke with priests' and virgins' prayer.

The future was a blank, the past but fancied care,
The day eternity. From morn to eve 't was so,
And ere dark mantles fell on sapphired plains below,
Like splintered pyramids of brilliant rubied snow,
Tall Huacahuasi and his Calca towered o'erhead
To hold that crimson glow upon thy bosom shed
By Punchau's fading eyes, till Viracocha's dome
Would fill with jewelled light, and save thy threatened home
From blinded, groping Night.

From Titicaca lake, O Spirit, rise and tell
Of that Pirua race whose empire rose and fell
Beneath the Inca arms, upon thy southern shore.
The "great men" they are called. Twelve hundred years and more
Stood, highest in the world, this nation's cloud-draped throne,
Encircled by thine Alps. A thousand since, as known,
Their wondrous capital[1] in mystery deep has lain,
A sad, majestic tomb on Tiahuanacu plain.
An old, old legend says, that ere the Sun gave light,
These marvels giants wrought within a single night,
Before they vainly dared God's messengers disown
And felt His anger turn their impious forms to stone.

[1] Students of American antiquities regard these ruins as the most interesting, important, and enigmatical of any on the continent. Some claim that they evidence the oldest and most advanced civilization of the ancient American races.

Though Wisdom stamps this false, in haunted vales about,
The huge, fantastic rocks oft leave the mind in doubt,
So lifelike do they seem. But, if thy myth be right,
The One who dwells in space, whose fires the heavens light,
Once raised from out these waves, the sun and moon, thy gems,
And, hanging them ablaze within His diadems,
Did warm thy frozen world, and bring to beauteous birth
Unnumbered germs of life. Then, passing through the earth,
By will omnipotent, the men of clay He blessed,
He filled them with His life and laid them on thy breast,
That they, divinely born, might grow in every grace
To be the fathers of, and rule, this Indian race.
In proof, His image clear great monoliths reveal,
And there, in stone, around Him still, these monarchs kneel.
Though splendors of the past are treasures of the brain,
With Recollection's aid bright Fancy must detain
Them from Oblivion's clutch. So reconstrue, the best
Thou canst, from mem'ry's store, this marvellous bequest
Of ancient, buried lore. Upon thy sparkling waves,
From quarries far away, on rafts make weary slaves
Bring massive stones once more, and chis'ling them in shape,
Rebuild these mighty ruins. Let no strange thing escape.
From whence this people came, of how they rose and fell,
Their customs, habits, arts, and occupations tell.
Describe their battles fierce, which stained thy waters red,
Their worship, sacrifice, the savage feasts where fed

This empire of the skies. With thee its record lies.
Erect the palaces; let flags adorn their towers,
And fountains spray the courts perfumed with glowing flowers.
Bid king and princes great, from rooms with frescoes lined,
First call those favored girls whose graceful dance entwined
Their hearts in nets of love; then turn from them once more
To plan some conquest new, and win by selfish war
The plaudits of the world. What means that temple there?
Replate it now with gold. Bring forth the idol where,
In bygones far, it frowned upon the kneeling throngs.
Surround it with grave priests, who pray and strike their gongs,
And smoking censers swing, while chanting minor songs,
Forgotten as the god. Nay, nay! thy myth rings true,
For Viracocha was, and will be God, e'en through
The æons of His worlds. Upon the fortress wall
Place sentinels on watch. Let their loud trumpets call,
And drums beat vanished hours for soldiers scarred and
brave,
At rest near stacks of bows o'er which torn banners wave.
Next to the Justice Hall. Fold back its doors of brass,
While through the waiting crowds the rev'rend judges pass
To where high benches rest safe sheltered from the sun—
Above the prisoners there. Now see pure justice done.
The charge from quipus read, and have each witness sworn
Upon embroidered cloth by dreaded huaca worn.
Who 's yon ambitious soul with lips compressed, and hands

In silent passion clenched?—so hero-like he stands
For principle resigned. If in some destined hour
Such impotence conspired against Pirua's power,
The sentence shall be death. Or tell us of the brute
Half-palsied in his chains. His very looks impute
To him a heinous crime. How pitiless the throng
Now smiling at his fear? Will such a case take long?
Then note that woman there. So prostrate has she lain
Beside her callous guard, that none have seen the pain
Upon the modest face her streaming hair conceals;
Still, with exquisite grace, she thoughtlessly reveals
The outlines of a form which beckoned cruel Fate,
For she will answer here for sins of love, not hate.
Oh speak, thou classic Lake! This charmèd stillness break!
Can lichen hands paint out the wrinkled face of Age
On shredded curtain dropped to hide a fallen stage?
No, no! renew it all, and, as on holiday,
Wreathe squares in Indian hues, and fill each narrow way,
The windows, aye, the roofs, with bright expectant life;
Yet, ere the pageants move, and wild huzzas are rife,
We 'd watch the children play, and hear through open door
The stories, humor, wit, and laughter as of yore.
Has Viracocha willed that all these souls must sleep,
Like gathered grains of sand in yonder strataed steep,
Until His spirits come? Thou art so strangely dumb.
Alas! it may be so; and thought doth make it well.

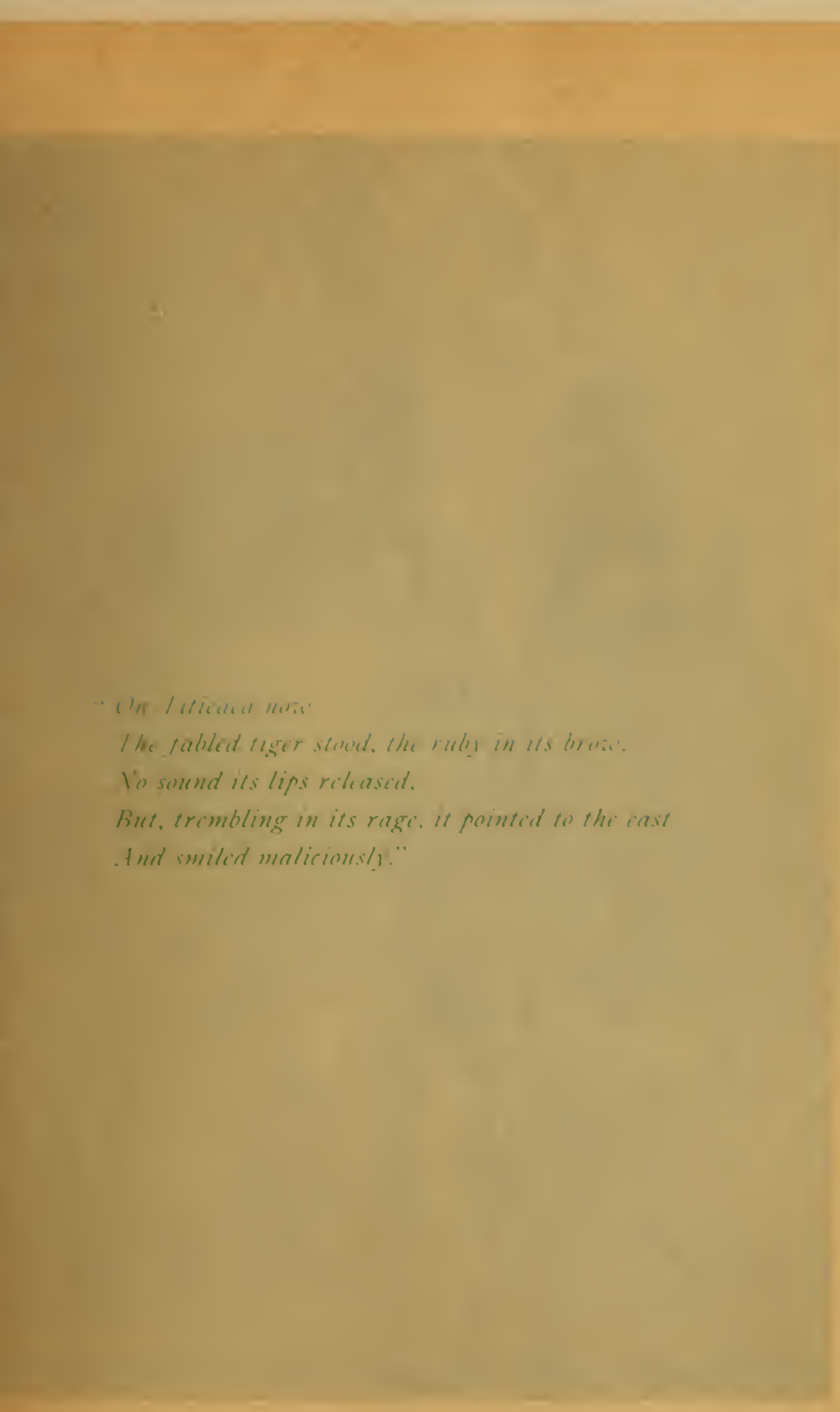
What need hast thou of them? Their reigning masters dwell
Upon thy shores to-day, and though long prophesied
That from the unknown seas beyond where Chasca died
There 'll come strange bearded men as white as spirits gleam
To rule Andean lands, it can be but a dream.
Bolivia's icy walls, Peruvia's emerald fields
By tall Cordilleras bound, the guarding castle-shields
Before each mountain way, the mighty armies, yea,
The avalanches, gales, and high Allapa say
That none shall enter here but warriors above,
With banners of the One whose spears are tipped with love.
No wonder thou art proud, diviners never furled
The Inca rainbows yet, and where in all the world
Is Indian race that can? The northeast winds which blew
Earth's perfumed love to-day across the waters blue,
Came warmed upon thy breast, and when, 'neath sunlit sky,
To myriad jewels turned the mists they carried by,
It seemed good fairies fanned the balsas' painted sails,
And others, toward the bays, did guide them on their trails
With cabled threads of light. Perchance the vulture-kings,
The wild white geese that flapped their green and violet wings,
Or scarlet ibis flocks, awoke the sleeping air,
As from the sparkling waves, like huge cathedrals fair,
Arose thy blessed isles, becoming dazzling red,
Against Illampu's snows high tow'ring overhead
Above the cloud-veiled skies through which, from azure eyes,

Flashed Chasca's radiant soul. How Intihuai shone
On Titicaca's height! There Punchau's golden throne
Was haloed by the Morn, who stood on sacred stone,
From which the cloth was drawn, a smiling, glist'ning form
Illumining the world. Then how all hearts did warm
With gratitude to God when Day at last appeared
Upon this holy spot, and leaden heavens cleared
To pure metallic blue, as tinted vapors round
To wondrous objects grew, and in the vision bound
The most enchanting view! The deepest silence first
The splendors wrought, and then from million throats there burst
The pilgrims' shout of praise; yet ere its power was spent,
Away upon their course the countless barges went.
Some, spreading graceful wings, like swans, the water splashed,
And others, with their oars, like giant reptiles, lashed
The silver from the crests. Each, thronged with devotees
Bowed low in earnest prayer, was steering for the lees
O'er which the idols stood on templed palisades
Approached by stairs of rock through statued esplanades
All sanctified by shrines. They heard the bugle calls,
When crimson trumpet-flowers upon the yellow walls
Were raised as if they spoke. The old year's fate fulfilled,
The new beamed o'er the cliffs, whilst air with chantings filled,
For priests were on the rock and in the temple bright
Whence curled the scented smoke in wreaths of gray, then white,

To vanish, spirit-like—perhaps with humblest prayer—
Beyond false mountain gods, up, up to heaven where
E'en savage souls are loved. The harbors would not hold
The countless boats to-day. But those inlaid with gold
Could in their shelter rest. So whilst near high hills swung
The frailer craft adrift, the skilful Urus sung
Their deep, weird pleas to Wind. Anon the island's crown,
Its terraced garden slopes, and every crag far down
To where the bright waves leaped, appeared with flowers o'ergrown,
And roads seemed brilliant scarfs about its shoulders thrown,
As though it were a god. For Indians thronged it now
In colors which they loved. The courtyards on the brow
In which the palace glowed, the princes' sheltered baths
Where crystal waters flowed, and cloister lawns and paths
'Mid fields of sacred maize and those where llamas graze,
Were like oases on a painted mount of stone
That moved as though alive, yea, often seemed to groan
Beneath its weight of life. But when the mighty throng,
Long calmed by white-robed priests, broke forth in sacred song,
The host of dead, they say, along Andean shores,
Caught up the New Year hymn and echoed it in roars [1]
A dozen leagues away; and they were scarcely done,
When, from Coati isle, the virgins of the Sun,

[1] It was really a storm in the mountains.

Within their palace court, sent answer soft and sweet,
In which all nature joined in spirit to complete
This anthem to the Day. Did Viracocha frown,
And hide His planet's face, or cast from Heaven down
His Thunder's fearful bolts? Ah, no! His light globe shed
Its greatest glory then. The pilgrims claimed He fed
Its slumbering fires with love until the skies o'erhead
Reflected Paradise. For their religion taught
That through this high God's will these lesser spirits wrought
Their benefits for man. Just as in Cuzco's square,
Four hundred miles away, they went, with gifts and prayer,
To sacrifice and feast before the idols there,
So here it was the same. The Sun from Manco's stone,
With magic charm of light, had gathered to his throne
The hearts that loved his warmth; and hour by hour they stayed,
Until on western mounts dread Night his mantle laid,
Unrolling it far down to where each little town
Had sparkled through the day upon its reedy bay
In which the wild birds sleep; till, through the dark'ning air,
Shades fell from burial towers beyond their monarch's chair,
Across dark, purple waves, to pink Nevados east
On which Illampu towered, his splendor but increased
By flush the heavens caught from distant ocean's cheek.
Entranced, some lingered there and saw each sky-crowned peak

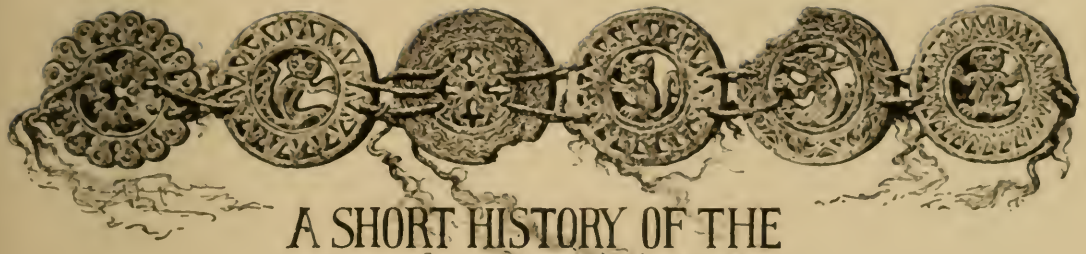


"On Titicaca rose
The fabled tiger stood, the ruby in its brow.
No sound its lips released,
But, trembling in its rage, it pointed to the east
And smiled maliciously."



Light up with Quilla's lamps, and round the lake to north,
On overhanging points, unnumbered fires break forth,
And, with her silver darts, fling theirs of golden glow.
Oh ! then, alarmed, they fled and sought their barks below,
And fortunate it was. On Titicaca now
The fabled tiger stood, the ruby in its brow
Ablaze with agony, whilst soon the spectral shores
Where storms and earthquakes lived, the lake, their sails and oars
Were bathed in lucid blood. Then on the headland west,
From crumbling temple-dust, and its forgotten rest,
The old blue idol rose. It cast no ray of light,
And yet it swiftly grew, between the bonfires bright,
As would a ghost of flame. No sound its lips released,
But, trembling in its rage, it pointed to the east
And smiled maliciously.[1]

[1] The idol, in pointing to the east, foretells the coming of the Spaniards. Prescott says that Huayna Ccapac, on his death-bed, announced the subversion of his empire by this race of white and bearded strangers, as the consummation predicted by the oracles after the reign of the twelfth Inca, and that he enjoined it upon his vassals not to resist the decrees of Heaven, but to yield obedience to its messengers. This command has been given as a reason why the Incas were so easily conquered by the Spaniards.



A SHORT HISTORY OF THE INCAS COMPILED FROM THE WRITINGS OF FOUR EMINENT HISTORIANS.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE INCAS.

COMPILED FROM THE WRITINGS OF FOUR EMINENT HISTORIANS.

"THERE is reason to believe that a powerful empire had existed in Peru centuries before the rise of the Inca dynasty. Cyclopean ruins, quite foreign to the genius of Inca architecture, point to this conclusion."[1] It is claimed that these people were the "Hatun-runa, the great men who had Pirua for their king, and who originally came from the distant south."[1] "Religious myths and dynastic traditions throw some doubtful light on that remote past, which has left its silent memorials in the huge stones of Tiahuanacu, Sacsahuaman, and Ollantay, and in the altar of Concacha,"[1] "remains as elaborate and admirable as those of Assyria, of Egypt, Greece, or Rome."[2] Then there is evidence showing that, long before the Piruas appeared, there existed here "municipalities, if we may so call them, . . . going back, probably, as far into antiquity as any on the face of the globe,"[2] for their ruins are "almost exact counterparts of those of Stonehenge, and Carnac in Brittany, to which is assigned the remotest place in monumental history."[2]

"The catalogue of kings given by Montesinos, allowing an average of twenty years for each, would place the commencement of the Pirua dynasty in about 470 B.C.; in the days when the Greeks, under Cimon, were defeating the Persians, and nearly a century after the death of Sakya Muni in India. This early empire flourished for about 1200 years, and the disrup-

[1] Clements R. Markham, *The Inca Civilization in Peru*, Vol. I. *Narrative and Critical History of America.* [2] E. George Squier, *Peru.*

tion took place in 830 A.D., in the days of King Egbert. The disintegration continued for 500 years, and the rise of the Incas under Manco was probably coeval with the days of St. Louis and Henry III. of England. By that time the country had been broken up into separate tribes for 500 years, and the work of reunion, so splendidly achieved by the Incas, was most arduous. At the same time, the ancient civilization of the Piruas was partially inherited by the various peoples whose ancestors composed their empire; so that the Inca civilization was a revival rather than a creation." [1]

"The history of the rise and progress of Inca power, as recorded by native historians, and related to us by Spanish writers, is, on the whole, coherent and intelligible." [1]

"The Inca people were divided into small ayllus, or lineages, when Manco Ccapac advanced down the valley of the Vilcamayu, from Paccari-tampu, and forced the ayllu of Alcaviza and the ayllu of Antasayac to submit to his sway." [1] The ancestral myth of the Peruvians tells us that this Manco Ccapac was one of the four brothers who, "with their four sisters, issued forth from apertures (Tocco) in a cave at Paccari-tampu, a name which means the 'the abode of dawn.'" [1] This was the same cave where Chasca, the Dawn, died in giving birth to Punchau, the Day, and where, "during the time of the flood, the remnants of the race escaped the fury of the waves." [2] "It was five miles distant from Cuzco, surrounded by a sacred grove and enclosed with temples of great antiquity." [2] But according to the tradition most familiar to us all, "the Sun, the great luminary and parent of mankind, taking compassion on the degraded condition" of these ancient races, "sent two of his children, Manco Ccapac and Mama Ocllo, to gather the natives into communities, and teach them the arts of civilized life. The celestial pair, brother and sister, husband and wife, . . . bore with them a golden wedge, and were directed to

[1] Markham.

[2] Daniel G. Brinton, *American Hero-Myths*.

take up their residence on the spot where the sacred emblem should without effort sink into the ground. They proceeded . . . as far as the valley of Cuzco," when "the wedge speedily sank into the earth and disappeared forever."[1] Whether these legends be true or false, it appears that Manco Ccapac "formed the nucleus of his power at Cuzco, the land of these conquered ayllus, and from this point his descendants slowly extended their dominions."[2]

The next three Inca sovereigns did little more than consolidate "the small kingdom of their predecessor."[2] The fifth "subdued the Quichuas to the westward, and extended his sway as far as the pass of Vilcanota, overlooking the Collao, or basin of Lake Titicaca."[2] The sixth "made few conquests, devoting his attention to the foundation of schools, the organization of government, and to the construction of public works."[2] The seventh appears to have done nothing. "One authority says that he was surprised and killed, and all claim that his reign was disastrous."[2]

The four succeeding sovereigns were great conquerors. "Uira-cocha, intervening in a war between the two principal chiefs of the Collas, . . . defeated them in detail, and annexed the whole basin of Lake Titicaca to his dominions. He also conquered the lovely valley of Yucay."[2] Then came "Yupanqui, the favorite hero of Inca history"[2]—the victor in the famous Chanca war, "the decisive battle" of which "was fought outside . . . the sacred gate of Cuzco. . . . The memory of this great struggle was fresh in men's minds when the Spaniards arrived, and as the new conquerors passed over the battlefield, on their way to Cuzco, they saw the stuffed shins of the vanquished Chancas set up as memorials by the roadside. The subjugation of the Chancas, with their allies, the Huancas, led to a vast extension of the Inca empire, which now reached the shores of the Pacific; and the

[1] William H. Prescott, *Conquest of Peru.* [2] Markham.

last years of Yupanqui were passed in the conquest of the alien coast nation, ruled over by a sovereign known as Chimu. Thus the reign of the Inca Yupanqui marks a great epoch. He beat down all rivals, and converted the Cuzco kingdom into a vast empire. He received the name of Pachacutec, or 'he who changes the world.'" [1]

"Tupac Inca Yupanqui, the son and successor of Pachacutec, completed the subjugation of the coast valleys, extending his conquests beyond Quito on the north and to Chile as far as the river Maule in the south, besides penetrating far into the eastern forests." [1]

Huayna Ccapac, the hero of the poem, was the son of Tupac Inca Yupanqui. He "completed and consolidated the conquests of his father, . . . traversed the valleys of the coast, penetrated to the southern limits of Chile, and fought a memorable battle on the banks of the 'lake of blood' (Yahuar-cocha), near the northern frontier of Quito. After a long reign, the last years of which were passed in Quito, Huayna Ccapac died in November, 1525." [1] He was really the last of the Inca sovereigns, and, during his reign, the empire was in its greatest glory. "His eldest legitimate son, named Huascar, succeeded him at Cuzco. But Atahualpa, his father's favorite, was at Quito with the most experienced generals. Haughty messages passed between the brothers, which were followed by war. Huascar's armies were defeated in detail, and eventually the generals of Atahualpa took the legitimate Inca prisoner, entered Cuzco, and massacred the family and adherents of Huascar. The successful aspirant to the throne was on his way to Cuzco, in the wake of his generals, when he encountered Pizarro and the Spanish invaders at Caxamarca." [1]

The empire of Huayna Ccapac extended along the Pacific "a distance of not far from three thousand miles; while from east to west it spread, with varying width, from the Pacific to the

[1] Markham.

valleys of Paucartambo and Chuquisaca, an average distance of not far from four hundred miles, covering an area . . . equal . . . to the whole of the United States to the eastward of the Mississippi River. . . . The geographical and topographical features of this vast region are singularly bold and remarkable. . . . In no part of the world does nature assume grander, more imposing, or more varied forms. Deserts as bare and repulsive as those of Sahara alternate with valleys as rich and luxuriant as those of Italy. Lofty mountains, crowned with eternal snow, lift high their rugged sides over broad, bleak *punas*, or table-lands, themselves more elevated than the summits of the White Mountains or of the Alleghanies. Rivers, taking their rise among melting snows, precipitate themselves through deep and rocky gorges into the Pacific, or wind, with swift but gentle current, among the majestic Andes, to swell the flood of the Amazon. There are lakes, ranging in size with those that feed the St. Lawrence, whose surfaces lie almost level with the summit of Mont Blanc ; and they are the centres of great terrestrial basins, with river systems of their own, and having no outlet to the sea." [1]

The entire region may be divided into four parts: The Costa, the Despoblado, the Sierra, and the Montaña.

The Costa, or coast region, lies between the Western Cordillera and the sea. This "bare and repulsive desert strip, averaging perhaps forty miles in width," whose sands are "swept smooth by the winds" [1] or blown about rocks into crescent-shaped medano heaps—this "domain of death and silence—a silence only broken by" [1] the medano spirits beating their drums,[2] "the screams of water-birds and the howls of the sea-lions that throng" [1] the barren islands "and its frayed and forbidding shore," [1] is "intersected here and there by valleys of

[1] Squier.

[2] "Sometimes, especially at early dawn, there is a musical noise in the desert, like the sound of distant drums, which is caused by the eddying of grains of sand in the heated atmosphere, on the crests of the 'Medanos.'"—*Encyc. Brit.*, Peru.

great fertility and beauty, and often of considerable size,"[1] formed by fifty streams and torrents from the mountains. Then where the smaller streams came from the gorges, and the canals and subterraneous aqueducts emptied their melted snows, the thirsty sands, drinking the waters as they fell, turned into beautiful oases, and, with the coming of the mists, the low hills near the coast changed, as if by magic, to gardens of brilliant wild-flowers.

These valleys and oases, in ancient times, "were densely populated by men who left many monuments of their skill and greatness."[1] Many of the inhabitants formed "separate communities, independent in government, and with little, if any, intercourse or relationship. In a few instances, however, . . . large and efficient civil and political organizations were effected, and the united communities took the form and status of a state."[1] The largest and most powerful of these were Quito, which, at the time it was conquered, "rivalled that of Peru itself in wealth and refinement,"[2] and Chimu, many of whose artisans Inca Yupanqui took with him to Cuzco because they were so skilful "in the working of metals and the fashioning of jewels and vases in silver and gold."[1] It is said that the Chimu dominions extended six hundred miles along the coast. "Their most gorgeous temple was that of Pachacamac, their chief divinity, 'the Creator of the world.' It equalled in wealth of silver and gold those of Cuzco and Titicaca. Of the precious metals the Spaniards took away from this temple sixteen hundred and eighty-seven and a half pounds of gold, and sixteen thousand ounces of silver. The nails and tacks which had supported the plates of silver bearing the sacred name on the wall of the temple amounted to more than thirty-two thousand ounces."[1] Another temple "scarcely less adorned than that of Pachacamac in richness of gold and silver"[1] was that "of the famous oracle-deity, Rimac,"[1] who, it is claimed, spoke through

[1] Squier. [2] Prescott.

the mouth of "an idol which was of clay,"[1] and answered questions, favorably or otherwise, "according to the character of the offerings made by the people."[1] Where now are the hundred cities of these ancient peoples? The crumbling walls of temples, palaces, fortresses, and tombs, half buried in the drifting sands, mark their graves. Where are all the souls of the men and women who would be walking, and of the children who would be playing in their paved streets to-day, if the Spaniards had not come? "No living thing is to be seen, except, perhaps, a solitary condor circling above, . . . nor sound heard, except the pulsations of the great Pacific."[1]

Back of the coast region lies the Western Cordillera, "a vast terrestrial billow, bristling with volcanoes and snowy peaks, and supporting a minor net-work of hills and mountains. . . . Its summit often spreads out in broad, undulating plains, varying from fourteen to eighteen thousand feet above the sea."[1] This "frigid, barren, desolate . . . region, often a hundred and fifty miles in breadth, is the great Despoblado, the Black Puna, or unpeopled region of Peru. Here, except where we find the ruins of Inca tambos, or huts of refuge, . . . no trace of habitation is discovered."[1]

Beyond the Despoblado, and several thousand feet below, reaching from "the Cordillera of the coast to the glittering Andes,"[1] are the Sierra lands, a great "plateau, . . . with mountains and hills, plains and valleys, lakes and rivers—a microcosm of the earth itself lifted up into the frosty air, and held in its place by the mighty buttresses of the Andes and Cordilleras."[1] Here, at every altitude and with every climate, were those "fertile valleys, called bolsones, or pockets, isolated by ranges of hills and mountains, or by cold, uninhabited *punas*, and encircled by the mighty gorges of rivers which, like the Apurimac, are impassable, except by the aid of bridges swinging dizzily in mid-air."[1] In one of these, that of Cuzco, the

[1] Squier.

Incas founded their empire, and built their capital, the City of the Sun. Another was Yucay, the most beautiful in Peru. Travelling from Cuzco over a "high, bleak ridge," we come to the abrupt edge of the table-land on which Chinchero stands, "and look almost sheer down on the valley of Yucay, four thousand feet below. Here the traveller pauses instinctively, for the view before him is unsurpassed for beauty or grandeur by any on which his eyes have rested. In front rises that gigantic spur of the Andes which separates the valleys of the Vilcamayo and Pancartambo with rugged escarpments of bare rocks, lofty snowy peaks, and silvery glaciers, sharp, bright, and distinct, except when the clouds surge up its eastern side, to dissolve and disappear in flurries of snow on its summit. The great peaks of Chicon, Huacahuasi, and Calca tower up with a majesty scarcely second to that of the mighty Sorata, and with the abruptness of the Alpine Jungfrau, Eiger, and Matterhorn. The glaciers that lie between them have a sweep, as compared to those of the Alps, like that of a western prairie as compared with a meadow valley of New England. From the glittering crests of these vast mountains the eye ranges down, through every graduation of color and depth of shadow, past cleft and cliff, ravine and precipice, until it rests on the graceful *Andenes*, or terraces, of the far-famed Gardens of Yucay. Equally salubrious and fertile, easily accessible from the capital, and with a vegetation exceptional in the Sierra, this sweet, calm valley, framed in by the lofty mountains of the continent, became early the favorite resort of the Incas. Here they constructed those marvellous hanging gardens,"[1] their palaces, their immense and impregnable fortresses, their aqueducts, baths, and fountains. Though now the traveller finds these structures built by man in ruins from which the weakest winds blow the dust away, he feels not sad, for there before him still, in all its original grandeur and beauty, is the valley, the work of Vira-

[1] Squier.

cocha's hands. Some cliffs, "literally speckled with the white faces of tombs"[1] containing dried bodies of the Inca dead, rise before him. In thought he looks within their imperishable dungeon walls, and sees countless thousands sitting there, their heads bowed within their hands that rest upon their knees, and all so unconscious of the centuries gliding by. He feels no pity. It is a favor e'en to sleep so near to God in such a paradise.

Leaving these valleys and journeying south, through the Pass of La Roya, by palaces and temples, baths and mineral springs at which the princes rested, the traveller comes to "the grand terrestrial basin of Lakes Titicaca and Aullagas."[1] Here was Lake Titicaca, one hundred and twenty miles long and fifty wide, with its shores dotted with towns and villages, and its sacred islands crowned with frescoed palaces, convents, and temples, one of which was plated with gold. There was no more sacred spot in Peru than this lake's largest island, that of Titicaca, the Tiger Rock, on the crest of which, as tradition claims, "a tiger or puma was seen with a great carbuncle or ruby in its head that flashed its light far and wide through all the extent of the Collao."[1] Above the cliffs stood, with the gorgeous palace of the Inca, not only the first temple to the sun, but the sacred stone "on which it was believed no bird would light or animal venture; on which no" ordinary "human being dared to place his foot";[1] and "whence the sun rose to dispel the primal vapors and illume the world."[1] It was "plated all over with gold and silver, and covered, except on occasions of the most solemn festivals, with a cloth of the richest color and material."[1] What must have been the feelings of those countless pilgrim believers when, approaching this island in their little boats, they saw the sun rise above the mighty Andes and flood with light this rock and temple of the Sun? They must have been as exalted by the sight as they

[1] Squier.

were depressed when, in the darkness of the night, the old blue idol rose from the ruins of its forgotten shrine to point to the coming white men who would overthrow their glorious empire. Think of this immense lake, its waves tossing their spray on a level almost as high above the sea as the summit of Mont Blanc, and then only bathing the feet of great Illampu whose head is three miles higher in "the clear metallic blue" of heaven. "Not an unfitting region this for the development of an original civilization, like that which carved its memorials in the massive stones, and left them on the plain of Tiahuanacu." [1]

The remaining portion of the empire was the Montaña, "the eastern declivity of the Andes, or rather, the valleys of the rivers flowing eastward toward the vast plains of Brazil. The Incas did not extend their empire far in this direction. They pushed down the valleys until they encountered the savage forests, and their still more savage inhabitants. Here their implements were inadequate to the subjugation of nature; and the fierce Antis, creeping through the dense thickets, launched unseen their poisoned arrows against the Children of the Sun, who protected themselves by fortifications from an enemy they could not see, and whom it was vain to pursue." [1]

"The Government of Peru was a despotism, mild in its character, but in its form a pure and unmitigated despotism." [2] The sovereign was the direct descendant "and the representative of the Sun. He stood at the head of the priesthood, and presided at the most important religious festivals. He raised armies, and usually commanded them in person. He imposed taxes, made laws, and provided for their execution by the appointment of judges, whom he removed at pleasure. He was the source from which everything flowed—all dignity, all power, all emolument." [2]

"The sceptre of the Incas . . . descended . . . from

[1] Squier. [2] Prescott.

father to son. The Coya, or lawful queen, as she was styled, to distinguish her from the host of concubines who shared the affections of the sovereign, . . . was . . . selected from the sisters of the Inca, an arrangement which, however revolting to the ideas of civilized nations, was recommended to the Peruvians by its securing an heir to the crown of the pure heaven-born race, uncontaminated by any mixture of earthly mould."[1]

"The nobility of Peru consisted of two orders. The first . . . was that of the Incas,"[1] who "were divided into different lineages, each of which traced its pedigree to a different member of the royal dynasty, though all terminated in the divine founder of the empire."[1] The members of this order "were distinguished by many exclusive and very important privileges,"[1] and were "the real strength of the Peruvian monarchy,"[1] the sovereign's kindred, surrounding his throne, commanding his armies and garrisons, governing his provinces —filling, in fact, every high civil, military, and religious office from the capital to the remotest limits of the empire. "They were to the conquered races of the country what the Romans were to the barbarous hordes of the empire, or the Normans to the ancient inhabitants of the British Isles";[1] yet the proudest of them "could not venture into the royal presence unless barefoot, and bearing a light burden on his shoulders in token of homage."[1]

"The other order of nobility was the *Curacas*, the caciques of the conquered nations, or their descendants. They were usually continued by the government in their places, but were never allowed to occupy the highest posts of state, or those nearest the person of the sovereign, like the nobles of the blood."[1]

The Incas called their kingdom "Tavantinsuyu,"[2] or "four quarters of the world."[1] Over each quarter was placed a vice-

[1] Prescott. [2] Markham.

roy or governor. "Under the Viceroys were the native Curacas, who governed the ayllus, or lineages. Each *ayllu* was divided into sections of ten families, under an officer called Chunca (10) camayu. Ten of these came under a Pachaca (100) camayu. Ten Pachacas formed a Huaranca (1,000) camayu, and the Hunu (10,000) camayu ruled over ten Huarancas. The Chunca of ten families was the unit of government, and each Chunca formed a complete community." [1]

"The amautas, or learned men, the poets and reciters of history, the musical and dramatic composers, the Quipu-camayoc, or recorders and accountants," [1] also held positions under the government. "The art of the Quipu-camayoc reached a high state of perfection. It may reasonably be assumed that with some aid from oral commentary, codes of laws, historical events, and even poems were preserved in the quipus," [1] which were "cords of various colors," to which "smaller lines were attached in the form of fringe, on which there were knots in an almost infinite variety of combination." [1] "It is probable that the amautas, or men of learning, formed a separate caste devoted to the cultivation of literature and the extension of the Quichua language. . . . Dramatic representations, both of a tragic and comic character, were performed before the Inca court," [1] and "it was the custom for the Yaravecs or Bards to recite the deeds of former Incas on public occasions, and these rhythmical narratives were orally preserved and handed down by the learned men. . . . Pastoral duties are embodied in some of the later Quichuan dramatic literature, and numerous love songs and *yaravies*, or elegies, have been handed down orally, or preserved in old manuscripts." [1]

"There were, also, regular tribunals of justice, consisting of magistrates in each of the towns or small communities, with jurisdiction over petty offences, while those of a graver character were carried before superior judges, usually the governors

[1] Markham.

or rulers of the districts. . . . They were obliged to determine every suit in five days from the time it was brought before them; and there was no appeal from one tribunal to another. Yet there were important provisions for the security of justice. A committee of visitors patrolled the kingdom at certain times to investigate the character and conduct of the magistrates; and any neglect or violation of duty was punished in the most exemplary manner. The inferior courts were also required to make monthly returns of their proceedings to the higher ones, and these made reports in like manner to the viceroys; so that the monarch, seated in the centre of his dominions, could look abroad, as it were, to their most distant extremities, and review and rectify any abuses in the administration of the law;" [1] and if there were any need of haste, the complaint or commend could be carried on the smooth roads by a relay of swift-footed chasquis (runners) "at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles a day." [1]

"The Peruvians, like so many of the Indian races, acknowledged a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, whom they adored under the different names of Pachacamac and Viracocha." [1] He was their God of gods, "the Dweller in space, the Creator of Life, and the Teacher of the World—the Invisible Maker, Possessor, and Master of all Things." [2] It was He who raised the sun, moon, and stars from Titicaca's waves, and "created the beautiful Chasca, the Aurora, the Dawn," [3] who, impregnated with His heavenly light, brought forth the Day, the Sun's divine and glorious soul. Yet it is said that "no temple was raised to this invisible Being, save one only in the valley, which took its name from the Deity Himself." [1] Whether this be so or not, we know that many of the most gorgeous ones were dedicated to Him.

Though the Sun, called Punchau or Inti, was worshipped "as the father of their royal dynasty, the founder of their em-

[1] Prescott. [2] Markham. [3] Brinton.

pire ;" [1] and temples in his honor "rose in every city and village," [1] it is certain that many of the Inca sovereigns considered him a mere instrument in the hands of Viracocha. One, the father of Huayna Ccapac, in an edict, "promulgated with the object of enforcing the worship of the Supreme God above all other deities," [2] went so far as to compare him "to a tethered beast, which always makes the same round ; or to a dart, which goes where it is sent, and not where it wishes." [2]

Quilla, the moon, was worshipped as the sister-wife of the sun, and coya, or lawful queen of the skies ; and the stars were revered "as part of her heavenly train." [2]

"They dedicated temples also to the Thunder and Lightning, in whom they recognized the Sun's dread ministers, and to "Cuchi," the Rainbow, whom they worshipped as a beautiful emanation of their glorious deity." [1] "The Thunder, Lightning, and Thunderbolt, could be expressed by the Peruvians in one word, Illapa. Hence some Spaniards have inferred a knowledge of the Trinity in the natives. 'The Devil stole all he could,' exclaims Herrera, in righteous indignation." [1] But it appears that the Incas had no devil, for their Cupay was not "the shadowy embodiment of evil," [1] "but simply and solely their god of the dead, the Pluto of their Pantheon, corresponding to the Mictla of the Mexicans." [3]

In addition to these the Incas had innumerable ancestral deities. Each ayllu, or lineage, worshipped its Paccarina, or forefather, who, when his body had been lost by them, was represented by "some natural object converted into a *huaca*, or deity." [2] Many of these were believed to be oracles. This reverence for forefathers was probably a result of their belief in the existence of the soul hereafter and in the resurrection of the body. The bodies of Inca sovereigns found were "so well preserved that they appeared to be alive. . . . They were in a sitting posture. Their eyes were made of gold, and they

[1] Prescott. [2] Markham. [3] Brinton.

were arrayed in the insignia of their rank." [1] Then "the subjects of the Incas enrolled among their inferior deities many objects of nature, as the elements, the winds, the earth," called Allpa, "the air, great mountains and rivers, which impressed them with ideas of sublimity and power, or were supposed in some way or other to exercise a mysterious influence over the destinies of man." [2]

The Inca year began on "the 22d of June, with the winter solstice, and there were four great festivals at the occurrences of the solstices and equinoxes." [1] "The most magnificent of all the national solemnities was the feast of Raymi," [2] described in the poem. It was "established in special honor of the Sun," [1] and was held "in the first month when the granaries were filled after harvest." [1]

"The second great festival, called Situa, was celebrated at the vernal equinox. This was the commencement of the rainy season, when sickness prevailed, and the object of the ceremony was to pray to the Creator to drive diseases and evils from the land. In the centre of" Huacapata, "the great square of Cuzco, a body of four hundred warriors was assembled, fully armed for war. One hundred of them faced towards" each of "the four great divisions of the empire. The Inca and the high-priest, with their attendants, then came from the temple, and shouted, 'Go forth, all evils!' On the instant the warriors ran at great speed towards the four quarters, shouting the same sentence as they went, until they each came to another party, which took up the cry, and the last parties reached the banks of the great rivers, the Apurimac or Vilcamayu, where they bathed and washed their arms. The rivers were supposed to carry the evils away to the ocean. As the warriors ran through the streets of Cuzco, all the people came to their doors, shaking their clothes, and shouting, 'Let the evils be gone!' In the evening they all bathed; and then they lighted great torches of

[1] Markham. [2] Prescott.

straw, called *pancurcu*, and, marching in procession out of the city, they threw them into the rivers, believing that thus nocturnal evils were banished. At night, each family partook of a supper consisting of pudding made of coarsely ground maize, called *sancu*, which was also smeared over their faces and the lintels of their doorways, then washed off and thrown into the rivers with the cry, 'May we be free from sickness, and may no maladies enter our houses!' "[1]

"The third great festival, at the summer solstice, called Huaracu, was the occasion on which the youths of the empire were admitted to a rank equivalent to knighthood, after passing through a severe ordeal."[1]

"The fourth great festival, called Mosoc-nina, or the 'new fire,' was the annual ceremony of renewing the sacred fire," which was obtained at the festival of Raymi and "kept alive during the year by the virgins of the sun."[1]

Among the other festivals was that at which "all those of a marriageable age were called together on an appointed day in the great squares of their respective towns and villages,"[2] and united in marriage. The ceremony was everywhere "followed by general festivities,"[2] so that "there was one universal bridal jubilee throughout the empire."[2]

They determined the period of the solstices by twelve cylindrical pillars, called sucancas, "set in order, and at such distance one from the other, that each month the length of the shadow of one of the pillars noted the rising and the setting of the sun."[3] By them they also "fixed the feasts and seasons for sowing and reaping."[3] The period of the equinoxes they determined by the sun-circle, which was "a solitary pillar, or gnomon, placed in the centre of a circle."[2] "Through the centre of each circle (and its column) was drawn a line due east and west."[3] When "the centre of the shadow followed this line from sunrise to sunset, the priest declared that the equinox had arrived."[3]

[1] Markham. [2] Prescott. [3] Squier.

"The complicated religious ceremonies connected with the periodical festivals, the daily worship, and the requirements of private families gave rise to the growth of a very numerous caste of priests and diviners. The pope of this hierarchy, the chief pontiff, was called *Villac Umu*, words meaning 'The head which gives counsel,' he who repeats to the people the utterances of the Deity. He was the most learned and virtuous of the priestly caste, always a member of the reigning family, and next in rank to the Inca. The Villcas, equivalent to the bishops of a Christian hierarchy, were the chief priests in the provinces, and during the greatest extension of the empire they numbered ten. The ordinary ministers of religion were divided into sacrificers, worshippers, and confessors, diviners, and recluses."[1] The recluses were the Virgins of the Sun, and an order of "hermits who meditated in solitary places, . . . and took vows of chastity, obedience, poverty, and penance."[1] "The Virgins of the Sun, the 'elect,' as they were called, . . . were young maidens, dedicated to the service of the deity."[2] They lived in convents "under the care of certain elderly matrons, mama-conas, who had grown gray within the walls."[2] They "were instructed in the nature of their religious duties,"[2] and employed in spinning, weaving, and embroidering "the hangings for the temples, and the apparel of the Inca and his household. It was their duty, above all, to watch over the sacred fire obtained at the festival of Raymi."[2] There were many of these convents scattered throughout the kingdom, and "they were embellished in the same sumptuous and costly manner as the palaces of the Inca, and the temples."[2] The most important was Acllahuasi. This "great establishment at Cuzco consisted wholly of maidens of the royal blood, who amounted, it is said, to no less than fifteen hundred."[2] The Virgins of the Sun were also "brides of the Inca, and at a marriageable age, the most beautiful among them were selected for the

[1] Markham. [2] Prescott.

honors of his bed, and transferred to . . . his different palaces throughout the country."[1]

"The fiscal regulations of the Incas, and the laws respecting property, are the most remarkable features in the Peruvian polity."[1] "The cultivable land belonged to the people in their ayllus, each Chunca of ten families being allotted a sufficient area to support its ten able-bodied men and their dependents. The produce was divided between the government (Inca), the priesthood (Huaca), and the cultivators or poor (Huaccha), but not in equal parts."[2] The portion assigned to the sun supported "the temples, and maintained the costly ceremonial of the Peruvian worship and the multitudinous priesthood."[1] That "for the Inca went to support the royal state, as well as the numerous members of his household and his kindred, and supplied the various exigencies of government."[1] All the officers of the government, the soldiers of the army, artificers, shepherds, miners, weavers, and potters subsisted on the government's share of the produce. "In some parts, the three shares were kept apart in cultivation, but as a rule the produce was divided at harvest time."[2] "A more thorough and effectual agrarian law than this cannot be imagined."[1] "Not a spot of cultivated land was neglected. Towns and villages were built on rocky ground. Even their dead were buried in waste places. Dry wastes were irrigated, and terraces were constructed, sometimes a hundred deep, up the sides of the mountains."[2] "Some of the aqueducts were of great length. One that traversed the district of Condesuyu measured between four and five hundred miles."[1] In constructing them "mountains had to be tunnelled, rivers and marshes had to be crossed; in fact, the same obstacles had to be encountered as in the construction of their mighty roads."[1]

The flocks of llamas and alpacas were divided into those belonging to the state, and those owned by the people. These

[1] Prescott. [2] Markham.

"supplied meat for the people, dried charqui for soldiers and travellers, and wool for weaving cloth of every degree of fineness."[1] Then the llamas were often used as beasts of burden. But "the richest store of wool was obtained, not from these domestic animals, but from other species, the *huanacos* and the vicuñas, which roamed in native freedom over the frozen ranges of the Cordilleras. . . . It was only on stated occasions, at the great hunts, which took place once a year, under the personal superintendence of the Inca or his principal officers, that this game was allowed to be taken."[2] "On these occasions a wide area was surrounded by thousands of people, who gradually closed in towards the centre. They advanced shouting and starting the game before them, and closed in, forming in several ranks, until a great bag was secured. The females were released, with a few of the best and finest males. The rest were then shorn and also released, a certain proportion being killed for the sake of their flesh. The *huanacu* wool was divided among the people of the district, while the silky fleeces of the vicuña were reserved for the Inca."[1] "In no other part of the world has the administration of a purely socialistic government been attempted. The Incas not only made the attempt, but succeeded."[1]

The only products not shared with the people were those of the mines. "Gold was obtained by the Incas in immense quantities by washing the sands of the rivers."[1] "Silver was extracted from the ore by means of blasting furnaces. Copper was abundant, and tin was found, . . . which enabled the Peruvians to use bronze very extensively. Lead was also known to them. Skilful workers in metals fashioned the vases and other utensils for the use of the Inca and of the temples, forged the arms of the soldiers and implements of husbandry, and stamped or chased the ceremonial breastplates, . . . girdles, and chains. The bronze and copper warlike instru-

[1] Markham. [2] Prescott.

ments . . . were cast in moulds."[1] The most remarkable work in pure gold was the chain of Huayna Ccapac. "It was of the thickness of a man's arm, and extended twice around the great square of Cuzco," which "was more than half a mile in circuit."[2]

"The Peruvian army, at first inconsiderable, came with the increase of the population, in the latter days of the empire, to be very large. . . . They showed the same skill and respect for order in their military organization as in other things. The troops were divided into bodies corresponding with our battalions and companies, led by officers that rose, in regular gradation, from the lowest subaltern to the Inca noble, who was intrusted with the general command."[3]

"Their arms consisted of . . . bows and arrows, lances, darts, a short kind of sword, a battle-axe or partisan, and slings, with which they were very expert. Their spears and arrows were tipped with copper"[3] and bronze, "or more commonly with bone, and weapons of the Inca lords were frequently mounted with gold and silver. . . . The great mass of the soldiery were dressed in the peculiar costume of their provinces, and their heads were wreathed with a sort of turban or roll of different colored cloths,"[3] called a llautu, "that produced a gay and animated effect."[3] "The Inca wore the crimson llautu, and the wing feathers (black and white) of the alcamari, an Andean vulture. . . . The generals wore yellow llautus. One tribe wore a puma's head. The Canaris were adorned with the feathers of macaws," and "the Huacrachucus with the horns of deer."[1] "Their defensive armor consisted of a shield or buckler, and a close tunic of quilted cotton in the same manner as with the Mexicans. . . . Their heads were protected by casques made either of wood or of the skins of wild animals, and sometimes richly decorated with metal and with precious stones, surmounted by the brilliant plumage of

[1] Markham. [2] Squier. [3] Prescott.

the tropical birds. . . . Each company had its peculiar banner, and the imperial standard, high above all, displayed the glittering device of the rainbow, the armorial ensign of the Incas, intimating their claims as children of the skies." [1]

The armies could easily be moved from one part of the country to another, for "the Inca roads, level and well paved, radiated from Cuzco to the remotest part of the empire." [2] To make them "rocks were broken up and levelled when it was necessary, ravines were filled, excavations were made in mountain sides," [2] and the deepest gorges were spanned by bridges. Then on them at regular distances were built, not only the rest-houses for the runners, and the tambos for travellers, but also the garrisons and storehouses, with arms, clothing, and provisions for marching soldiers.

Their fortresses were in some respects the most remarkable in the world. Among the largest and strongest ones were Paucartambo, Pisac, Ollantaytambo, and Sacsahuaman. The first three were on the eastern frontier, and defined, in this direction, the limits of the Inca empire. The last was on a hill overlooking the city of Cuzco. Sacsahuaman is "a compound word signifying 'Fill thee, falcon!' or 'Gorge thyself, hawk!' Thus metaphorically did the Incas glorify the strength of their fortress. 'Dash thyself against its rocky and impregnable sides, if thou wilt; the hawks will gather up thy fragments!'" [3] This fortress "was the greatest and most superb of the edifices that the Incas raised to demonstrate their majesty and power." [3] No one can understand how such tremendous stones "were brought over steep mountains and abrupt declivities from quarries miles away." [3] It also "passes the power of imagination to conceive how so many and so great stones could be so accurately fitted together as scarcely to admit the insertion of the point of a knife between them." [3] Those who have studied this fortress, have been "led not only to imagine,

[1] Prescott. [2] Markham. [3] Squier.

but to believe, that it was reared by enchantment—by demons, and not by men." [1]

"The first step of the government, after the reduction of a country, was to introduce there the worship of the Sun. . . . Yet the religion of the conquered was not treated with dishonor. . . . The images of their gods were removed to Cuzco, and established in one of the temples, to hold their rank among the inferior deities of the Peruvian Pantheon." [2]

They "provided for the settlement of their new conquests, by ordering a census to be taken of the population, and a careful survey to be made of the country, ascertaining its products, and the character and capacity of its soil." [2] Then they sent skilful husbandmen to teach the people how best to cultivate their lands.

"To secure obedience in their new vassals," they not only established military colonies among them, but the rulers of the conquered nations, "and their families were removed for a time to Cuzco. Here they learned the language of the capital, became familiar with the manners and usages of the court, as well as with the general policy of the government, and experienced such marks of favor from the sovereign as would be most grateful to their feelings, and might attach them most warmly to his person. Under the influence of these sentiments, they were again sent to rule over their vassals, but still leaving their eldest sons in the capital, to remain there as a guarantee for their own fidelity, as well as to grace the court of the Inca. . . . When any portion of the recent conquests showed a" rebellious spirit, "it was not uncommon to cause a part of the population . . . to remove to a distant quarter of the kingdom, occupied by ancient vassals of undoubted fidelity to the crown. A like number of these last was transported to the territory left vacant by the emigrants. By this exchange, the population was composed of two distinct races,

[1] Squier. [2] Prescott.

who regarded each other with an eye of jealousy that served as an effectual check on any mutinous proceeding." [1] Yet few nations once conquered by the Incas ever cared to rebel, for they learned in the battles preceding their conquest how vain and useless it would have been.

This short history of the Incas is placed in this volume for the same reason the poem is—merely as a little reminder of this marvellous civilization, the highest, it is claimed, among the indigenous races of America.

[1] Prescott.

The author is indebted to the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Company and of Frank Squier for permission to use in the foregoing sketch of the Incas extracts from the works of Clements R. Markham and of E. George Squier.

GLOSSARY.

Acllahuasi (ä-kl-lä-wä'-sē). The Palace of the Royal Virgins of the Sun.

Alcamari. An Andean vulture.

Allpa. The earth.

Amautas. Learned men.

Ayllu. A tribe or lineage.

Bolson. A mountain valley.

Calca. A high mountain peak.

Chanca. The greatest war in which the Incas were ever engaged.

Chasca. The Dawn, the mother of the Day.

Chasquis. Government messengers or runners.

Chicon. A high mountain peak.

Chimu. A powerful coast nation conquered by the Incas.

Chulpa. A sepulchral monument, an individual or family tomb.

Chumpi-vilca. Celebrated dancers.

Coati. The island sacred to the Moon.

Coricanchu. The "Place of Gold" where the temples stood.

Coya. Lawful queen.

Cuchi. The Rainbow.

Cupay. The god of the dead.

Despoblado. The Black Puna, or unpeopled region between the Central and Western Cordilleras.

Hamurpa. Priests who "examined the entrails of sacrifices, and divined by the flight of birds."

Huaca (wä-kä). A deity.

Huacahuasi (wä-kä-wä'-sē). A mountain peak.

Huacap Uillac (wä-käp-vēl-yäk). Ministering priests who had charge of a special idol.

Huacapata (wä-kä-pä′-tä). The central square of Cuzco.

Huatenay. A rivulet running through Cuzco.

Huayllina (wī-yē′-nä). Religious songs.

Huayna Ccapac (wī′-nä-kä-päk). The last reigning sovereign.

Illampu. Sorata, the highest mountain of America.

Illapa. A word meaning the Thunder, Lightning, and Thunderbolt.

Illimani. A mountain 24,155 feet high.

Inti. The Sun.

Intihuasi (ēn′-tē-wä′ sē). The Temple of the Sun.

Inti-pampa. The Field of the Sun, into which the Temple of the Sun opened. It was surrounded with walls sculptured all over with serpents.

Llautu. A turban of colored folds.

Manco. The founder of the Inca dynasty.

Mitimaes. Colonists—people moved, for different purposes, from one part of the empire to another.

Nacac. Priests who cut up the victims and provided the offerings.

Ollantaytambo. A gigantic frontier fortress connected with many events in Inca history, as well as with the legend of Ollanta.

Pachacamac. The name of the richest shrine, and of the sacred city of the natives of the coast. Another name for Viracocha.

Paucartambo. One of the largest fortresses.

Pinculluna. A mountain on which prisoners were executed.

Pisac. A frontier fortress "as remarkable as that of Sacsahuaman, and only to be paralleled in the Old World by the great hill forts of India."

Puna. A desolate mountain plain. An island ten miles from Tumbez.

Punchau. The Day.
Quilla. The Moon.
Raymi. The principal feast of the Incas.
Rimac. A famous oracle-deity.
Sacsahuaman (säk-sä-wä'-män). The Spanish conquerors denominated this fortress the eighth wonder of the world.
Sierra. "The region intervening between the Cordillera of the coast and the glittering Andes."
Soroche. Rarefaction of the air.
Sucancas. Cylindrical pillars.
Tarpuntay. Sacrificing priests.
Tiahuanacu (tē-ä-wä-nä'-ko). The capital of the Piruas, twelve miles south of Lake Titicaca.
Tullamayo. A rivulet running through Cuzco.
Tumbal. The god of war.
Uillac Umu (vēl-yäk oo-moo). The chief pontiff.
Urus. Lake-dwellers and skilful boatmen.
Veta. Influence due to mineral substances in the earth.
Villca. The chief priest of a province.
Viracocha. The Supreme God.
Yucay. The most beautiful valley in Peru, about twenty miles north of Cuzco.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 012 074 179 2